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By Arthur Larson

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By George N. Shuster

THE U. N.'s "HIDDEN" 85%
By John Tebbel

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MINNEAPOLIS STAR PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK GILLIS

THE DAY HENDERSON, MINNESOTA, DIED

On December 2, 1960, at 1:30 p.m. a Minneapolis Star photographer "killed" the entire population of Henderson—728 souls.

For 30 seconds, he cleared the main street and snapped this picture of a "dead" city. Why? To dramatize to Minneapolis Star readers the fact that the Minnesota highway death toll had just reached a new high and was fast approaching the population of Henderson.

So serious had the problem become that the Minneapolis Tribune was prompted to run a series of articles in 1961 titled "Highway Slaughter: Can We Stop It?" The series, using photos as dramatic as the one above, explored Minnesota's accident situation in all its grisly, statistical, heart-rending detail.

It startled some. It angered others. And it helped the University of Missouri School of Journalism decide that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune deserved the 1961 Inland Daily Press Association Distinguished Community Service award. "Highway Slaughter: Can We Stop It?" was just one of 60 public service projects conducted by these newspapers on which the award was based.

When the Star or the Tribune speaks, people listen. Why? The Distinguished Community Service award puts it this way: "Through news coverage and comment on the editorial pages these newspapers provide the community with essential information and leadership." No wonder these newspapers make up the strongest single medium in the nation's 14th market.

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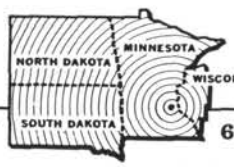
MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING



Minneapolis Tribune MORNING & SUNDAY

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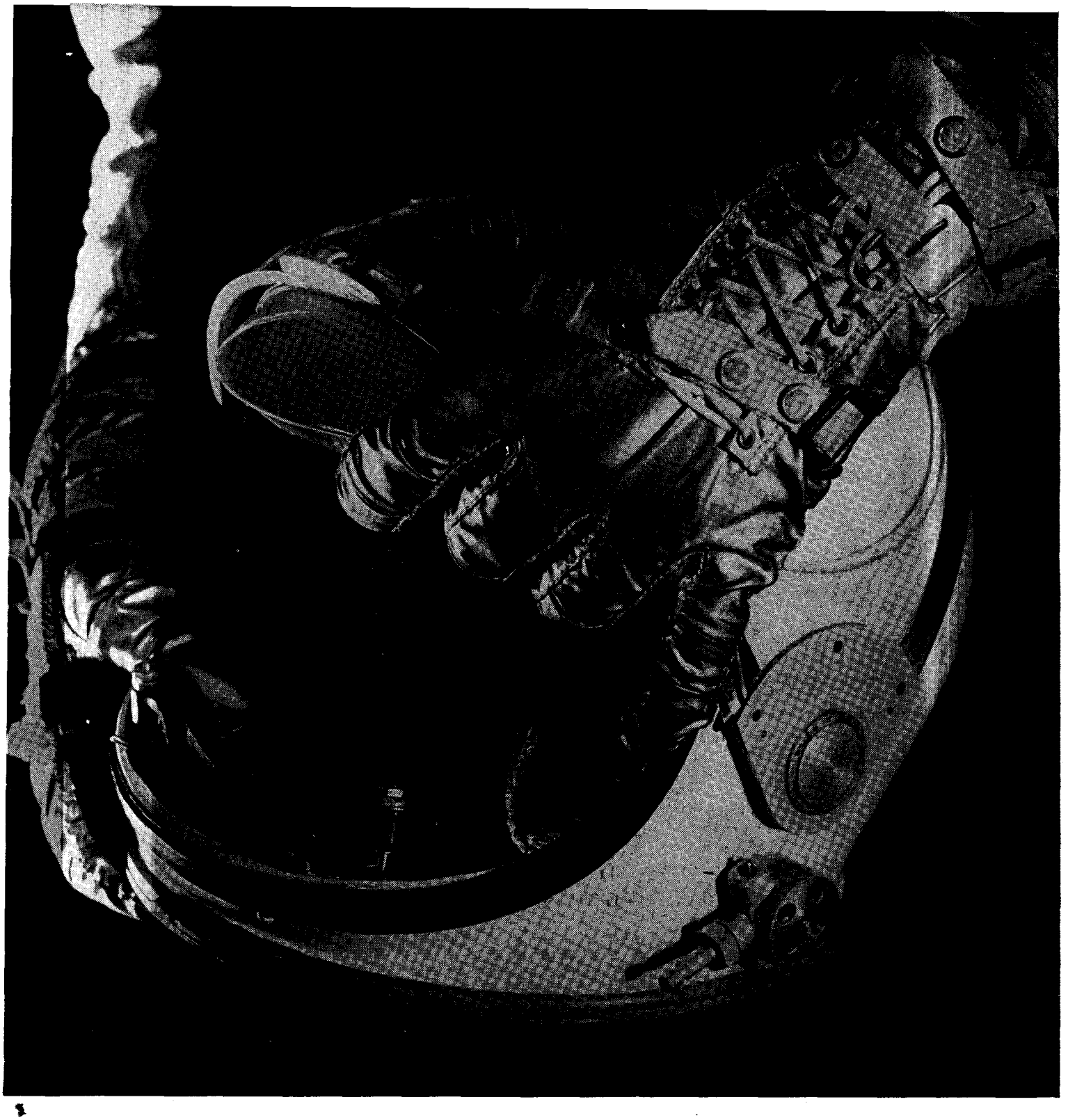

THE HANDS OF AN ASTRONAUT are symbols of America's multi-billion dollar exploration of space—a vital part of our defense. It is easier to pay for real essentials when the government cuts out needless spending in other places. For example, there is no need to spend tax dollars to build more government power plants and lines—as some people are now proposing. The investor-owned electric companies can supply all the additional electric power a growing America will need.

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(Advertisement)

"What on earth," my friend asked, "is a novelist's notebook?" I looked up, and he continued: "That book you're reading. The jacket says 'Pamela Frankau: *Pen to Paper: A Novelist's Notebook.' I* just wondered what it was."

"Well," I said, "it's a book about writing."

Dead silence told me that was the wrong answer. "Pamela Frankau is an English novelist," I said. "She's a writer by profession, from a family of writers, and part of this book is her description of how novels are written."

"You mean it's a how-to book," said my friend.

"Yes and no," I answered. "Yes, in the sense that it shows how Miss Frankau's novels—some thirty in all—were created. She starts with the first glimmering of an idea and goes on through all the steps to the final draft: why the characters sound the way they do, what happens when a plot line goes off the rails, how many rewrites it takes—that kind of thing."

"Sounds interesting," my friend admitted, "but it's still a how-to book."

"That's only part of it," I answered. "You see, Pamela Frankau is one of those rare people who can view herself and her work with humorous objectivity. *Pen to Paper* is principally a sort of guided tour—but a guided tour through someone's mind. And hers is a very witty, very straightforward mind, with a lot to say. So it's not only a how-to book."

"I see," said my friend slowly. Picking up my copy of *Pen to Paper,* he left.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Pen to Paper: A Novelist's Notebook ($3.95), by Pamela Frankau, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. Copies may be purchased from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida.

Saturday Review

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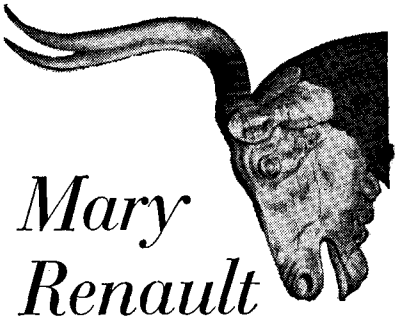

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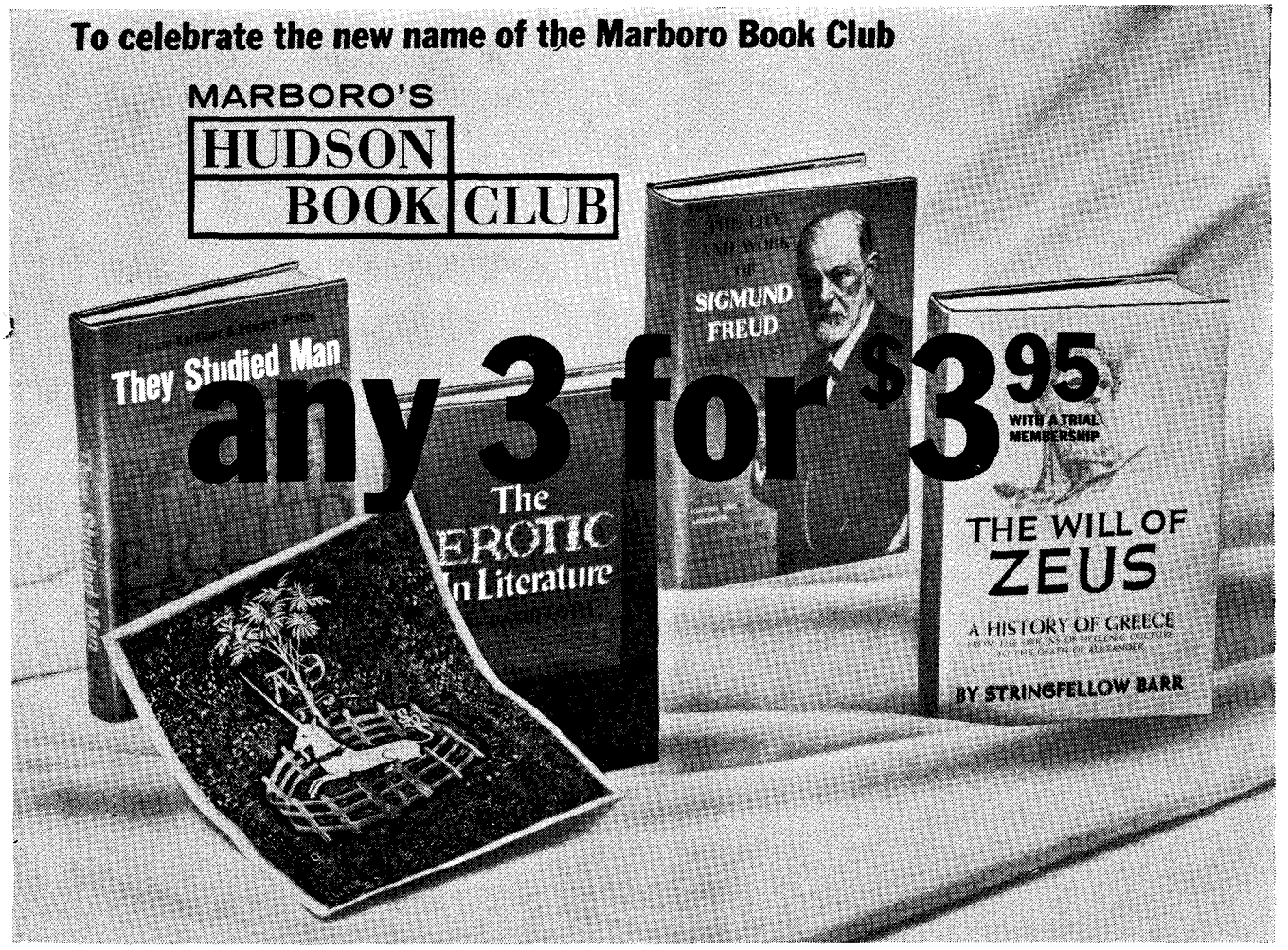

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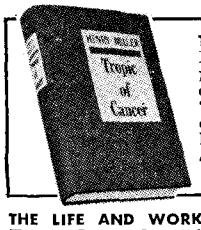

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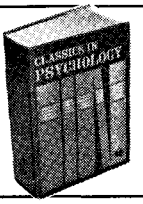

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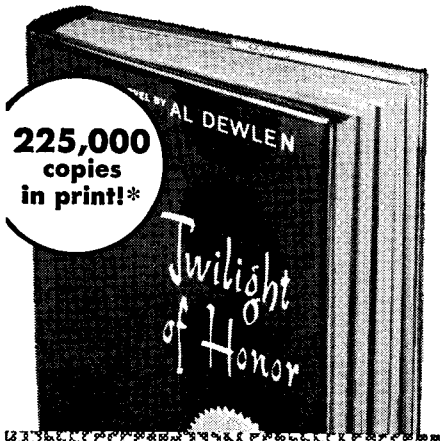

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Where did he go? Up.
What can he do? Nothing

Edited by Martin Levin

SHOVELING SNOW

"Colder tonight, with likelihood of snow."
So goes the forecast, and it's right I know—
No missing that crisp wetness in the air,
That April smell turned backwards. To prepare,
I put my shovel near the door. Come daylight
I may want it quick.

I do. The night
Has been a busy one. The snow lies thick
On roof and road and bough. I watch it lick
The covered earth with tongues of misted white,
Then rouse myself and bundle up so tight
I'm stiff with clothing rather than with cold.

This snow is feather-light, it will not hold
The shovel. Playful as a pup, it blows
Back in my face or in the path, as if it knows
Just how to irk me. But I won't be irked.
The heavy kind, that must be sliced and worked,
That shortens breath and crimps your back to lift—
That's different. But this—All cleared, including drift.

Cold at the nose-tip, warm within—how good,
This sense of being tuned to nature's mood.
Besides, the work is good; it makes me tough.

But look—the path is gone again! Now blast the stuff!

—BRADFORD SMITH.

• • •

DAYMARE

A BOOK I wish I hadn't read last summer taught me some new ideas. Well, new to me. It was about evolution, what there is of it, and I think you'd be just as well off not knowing what evolutionists are thinking these days, at least not in detail. Suffice it to say it doesn't seem eminently worth while to lay down an extensive wine cellar for your great-great-great-grandchildren.

But I did learn a couple of useful phrases. Inter-species competition, and intra-species competition. Roughly, when a certain group of animals has succeeded in eliminating a group of different animals (when the pickerel have cleaned out the trout), they turn their attention to clobbering their confreres (the big pickerel start cleaning out the small pickerel).

This intra-species competition has had the effect, in our house, of driving me all the way up to the attic. My recollection is that there was a neighborhood child so interested in the production of beautiful letters that she adopted me over the window sill. What she said was "Gaw," but what it meant was, "I love you and I am going to watch you forever and ever except when it is breakfast, lunch or supper time or when the ice-cream truck comes around." No one before or since had given me such unremitting devotion, and I was touched, but there wasn't a great deal of writing being done.

So I moved upstairs. Then, or shortly thereafter, it got to be summer and in the summer the attic turns into a training area for the Black Hole of Calcutta. The denizens of the house, like Nature, abhor a vacuum and by the time I got downstairs a number of new hobbies had expanded to fit the previous open space absolutely chockablock.

Retreat was cut off and an air conditioner came in.

I'll bet you think I've forgotten all about evolution. Not a bit of it. We have now arrived at the point where I can talk about inter-species competition. There are thirty-two windows and window ledges in the house. There are porches and eaves and overhangs and dormers and little twiddly bits that I personally think were caused by somebody joggling the architect's elbow. There

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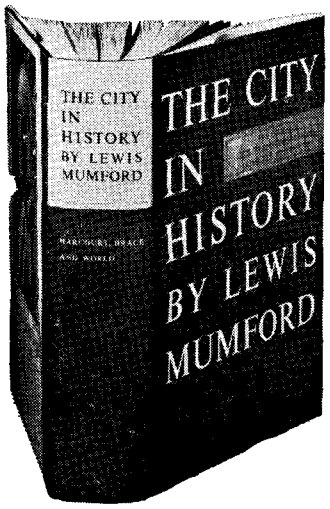
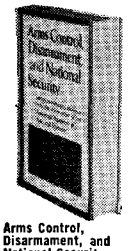
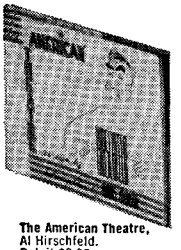


The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.

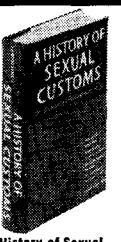


Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security, edited by Donald G. Brennan. Retail $6.00.

The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.



The American Theatre, Al Hirschfeld. Retail $9.95. Member's price $6.95.



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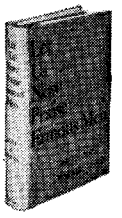

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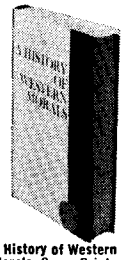

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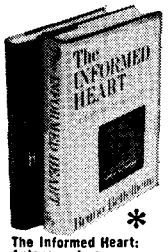

The Informed Heart: Autonomy in a Mass Age, Bruno Bettelheim *and* **In Search of Humanity,** Alfred Cobban. Combined Retail price $9.50. Member's price (for both books) $5.50 *

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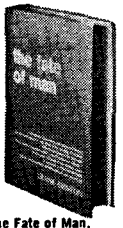

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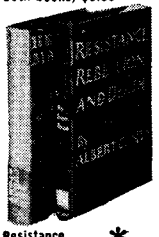
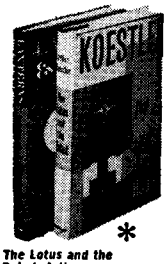


Resistance, Rebellion, and Death, by Albert Camus; *and* **The Cuban Story,** by Herbert Matthews. Combined retail price $8.50. Member's price (for both books) $5.95. *



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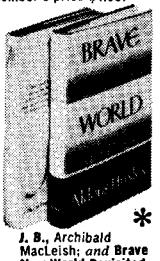

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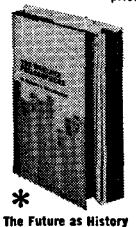

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are beech trees, elm trees, black walnut trees, locusts, oaks, and maples.

And you know where a passel of birds have decided to roost? They sit on, under and over the air conditioner, chirping, bickering chattering, fluttering, swooping, falling, arriving, and departing. They are not interested in beautiful letters. They have decided to devote their tiny minds to one thing only. Driving me nuts.

They are being inordinately successful, and I for one think it is thoroughly deliberate. By the laws of chance, they could not have chosen this place. By any reasonable instinct of self-preservation, they should have the wit to stay away from anything with that many moving parts. When I appear at the window, looming up over the air conditioner, they pretend to be in a frenzy of fear, falling all over each other as they retreat a full foot and a half into the copper beech tree. There they sit, agitated and hysterical, congratulating each other. "We got the dope up out of the chair again. He's rolling his eyes and making noises. It's all a matter of time, fellas."

Make no mistake, this is revolt. They are pledged to destroy human beings.

Have you noticed the squirrels recently? Used to be, you'd walk across the lawn and they'd hightail it up a tree as if they'd seen the Devil. Not any more. They sit there until you're six inches away and then they saunter off, looking over their shoulder with undisguised contempt. They know the score. They know we're all so busy with each other we've forgotten to cope with them.

Last summer did you notice that the wasps have discovered outdoor electric light fixtures as a prefabricated nest? Why bother starting from scratch when man has developed such a handy beginning?

Even man's best friend is beginning to defect. With the new small cars, big dogs are beginning to believe they have a fighting chance of shouldering you off the road, instead of just scaring you.

The crows seem to be getting bigger, and there seem to be more of them. I think they're blacker, too.

The bullfrogs were never so noisy, were they?

And once or twice there, didn't you have the feeling that the crab grass was fighting back?

—ROBERT PAUL SMITH.

• • •

HISTORICAL NEGLECT

George Washington slept everywhere,
On bed and couch and cot,
But no one seems to know or care
If Martha slept or not.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

Offhand

WHETHER THE WINDS that bent our tree were winds of trade or winds of persecution, historic winds or unhistoric winds, winds proving that our souls had enough or our stomachs not quite so the result is the same: bent we are with no hope of getting straight again. We all belong to the same race, which is the race (or type) of our experience.

✓ ✓ ✓

IN THIS SENSE only can we say that there exists an American race, which is half non-American and half non-European, with an exile in us that is part of our birthright, reaching far underground and centuries behind us. We are all rooted in mid-air, all nostalgic, all hurried, all blessed with a feeling of constant inferiority which, in the best of cases (when it is of Socratic proportions), makes of us the most civilized people in the world, kind, helpful, understanding, eager to learn, and in the worst of cases (the majority, alas!) makes us prone to such nonsense as know-nothing nationalism.

✓ ✓ ✓

SOME WILL SAY this proves nothing, because people born here absorb the culture of this place. Nonsense: this proves my point that races don't exist. If there is a bad race, this means there was a bad experience. Erase the memory of the experience, and you'll have a new race.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE QUESTION of the Right Answer is not the real question. The question of the Question is the question. Who will ask the right question? Answerers can be found by the millions, all they have to do is apply themselves; if they are not born idiots they will stumble upon answers that fit. The whole history of science is nothing but this.

✓ ✓ ✓

SPEED TAKES the body from under the soul (air travel), then the soul can come panting behind like a lost bird. It gets there three days later. Speed defeats its own purpose, speed transforms every good cause into its opposite: thus learning becomes ignorance, defense of freedom tyranny, appreciation contempt. —NICCOLO TUCCI.

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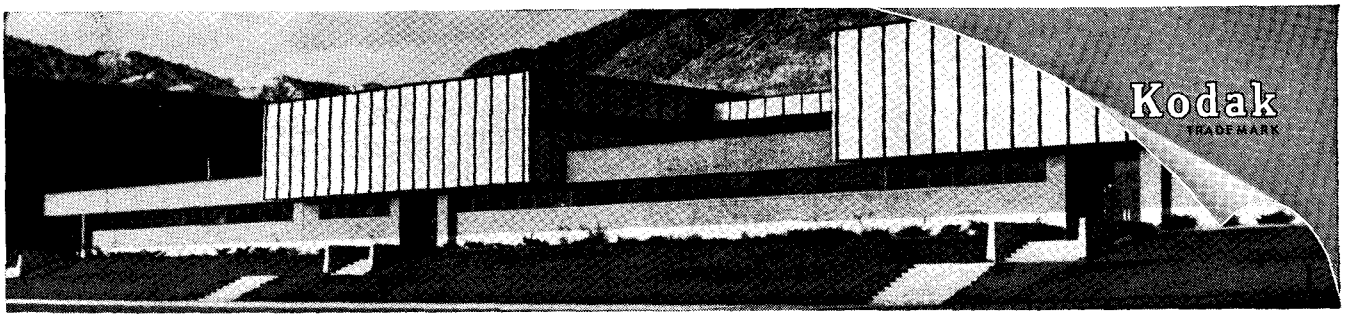
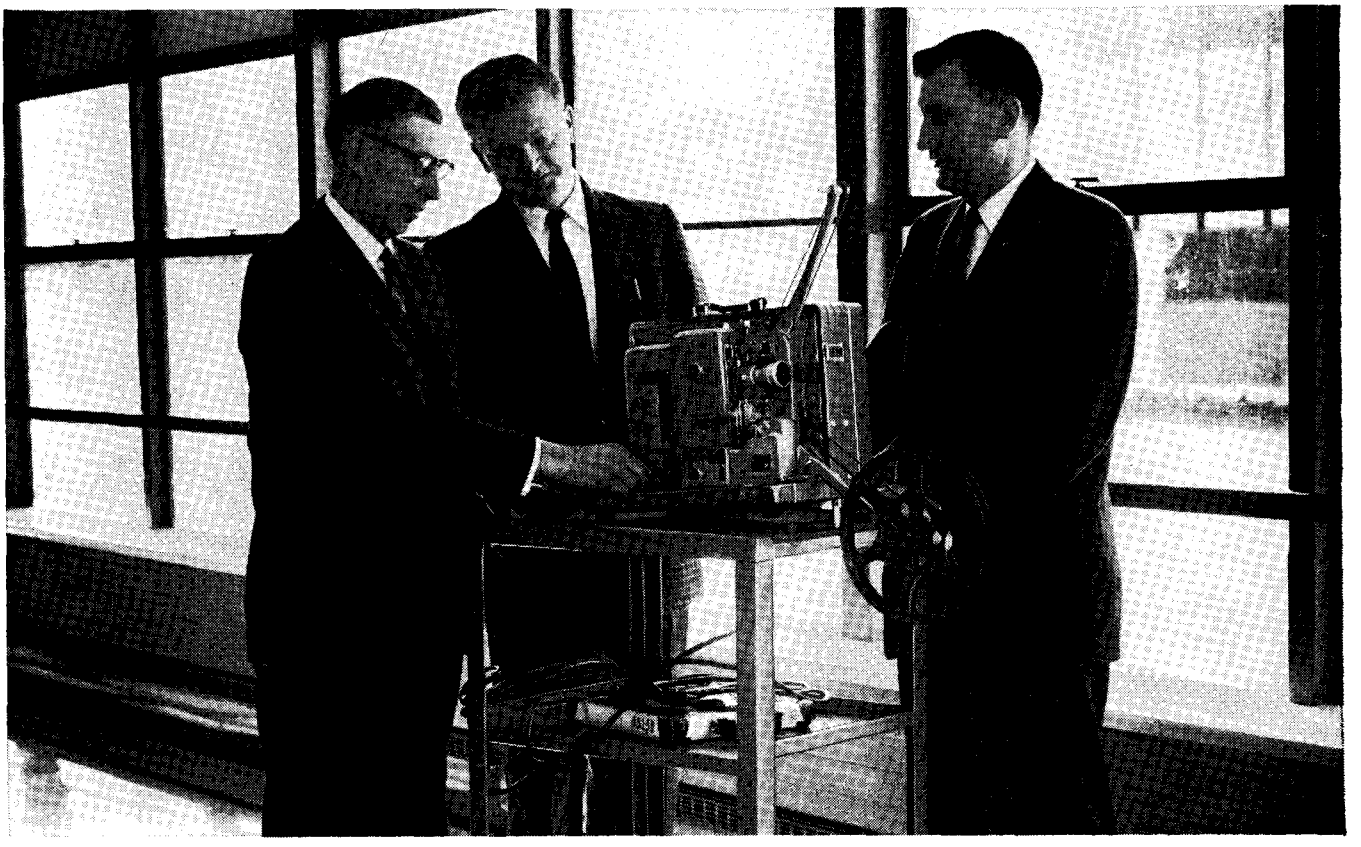


The new Mount Ogden Junior High School, Ogden, Utah, selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs.



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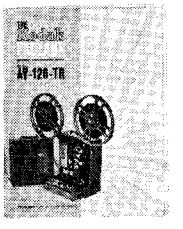

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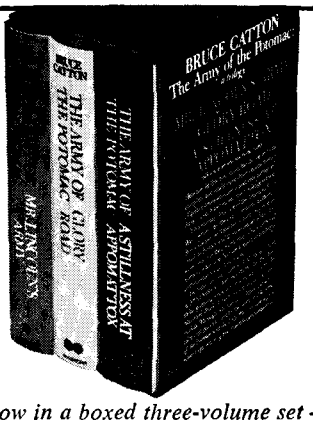

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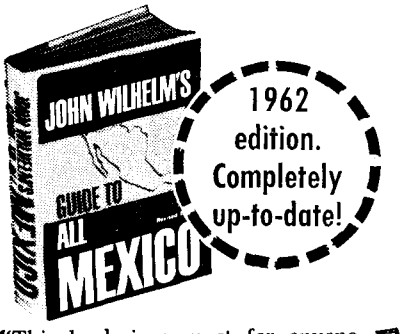

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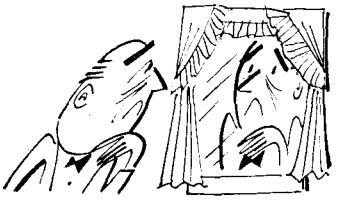
TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE most effective parts of "The Image" (Atheneum) is where Daniel J. Boorstin talks about "pseudo-events" which fill our press, and which contribute to our mistaken notions about those two things that seem to bother us the most: who are we and what does the rest of the world think of us. "The Image" is about "what happened to



the American dream," and the pseudo-events are affairs that become news only because they are newsworthy. They are counterfeit happenings which crowd spontaneous happenings out of circulation.

Examples: The Great Debates, the Peace Corps, the Quemoy-Matsu issue and its changing emphasis, Congressional investigations. They indicate our fatal attraction for shadow, Boorstin says, and not substance. Even attempts to unmask pseudo-events merely blow them up more. The McCarthy era is a good instance, perhaps. Boorstin's book theorizes about how Americans have surrounded themselves with mirrors instead of windows and keep worrying about their "image." Pseudo-events are closely connected with how we see ourselves.

"We've deceived ourselves into believing that a good press for America will change us," he told me when I talked with him. "Deceiving ourselves is worse than deceiving others. Our great tragedy is our belief that we are the teachers and all others the learners. Believe me, I am impressed by the lessons we could learn from other countries. But we can't learn them because we aren't aware we have anything to learn. We have confined ourselves to the things we already have—to the past—when America's greatness has always been her future."

Boorstin is a history professor at the Sorbonne. He's traveled and lived all over the world. "The Image" is tough talk and, thank goodness, Madison Avenue is not the villain.

HE THOUGHT he had a good idea for his eighth novel, Robert F. Mirvish did, when he finished a rough draft of "Point of Impact." That was several years ago. It was about a collision at sea between two big ships. The publishers said, "Too unlikely. With radar and all those safeguards it couldn't happen."

Mirvish, a ship's radio operator as well as novelist, shrugged his shoulders and started on something else. He was on a tanker in the Persian Gulf when the *Andrea Doria* went down. The radio brought the news, and soon afterwards came a query from the publisher: "Say, that wasn't such a bad idea, after all."

He wrote another novel and then took up "Point of Impact" again. This time it made more sense, and Morrow has published it. Mirvish has been at sea since the Merchant Marine days during the war, when he saw plenty of excitement on the Murmansk run. Now life is ideal for writing. He cruises about the world on super-tankers, some as big as the *Queen Mary*, where the food and living conditions are perfect. He usually has a suite—sitting room, bedroom, bath, and shower. Everyone, even the skipper, knocks before entering, because Sparks, you see, is writing another book.

JUST TO SHOW YOU how little I know, Christopher Isherwood has lived in Santa Monica, California, for twenty-

three years. I always thought of him as being in England or Germany or some place. He came through New York to say a few words about his new book, "Down There on a Visit" (Simon and Schuster). This, like "I Am a Camera," is what he calls a fictitious autobiography. "If you told the truth about the past," he says, "it would be so untidy and such a bore. For the sake of simplicity, one must lie."

There's truth enough in "Down There on a Visit" to make it good reading for Isherwood fans. It was nice of him to come to New York, too, for he doesn't really like the place, mainly because everyone always starts a conversation by asking him, "Why do you live in California?" Perfect strangers, he finds, are always remarking gratuitously, "Oh, I'd rather die than live in California!" Isherwood thinks the people and the atmosphere in New York are irritable, so he prefers Santa

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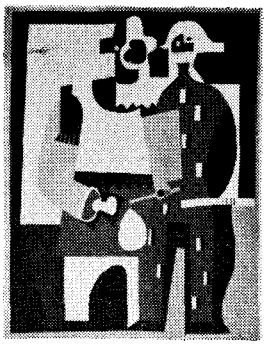

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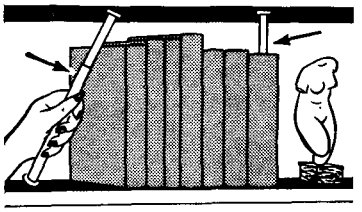

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SHARPS AND FLATS: According to Howard Cushman, an Old Grad was entertaining the football team after the final game of the season. Drink orders had been taken, when the host noticed the absence of several grid stars who were still washing up. So he thoughtfully told the waiter, "See what the backs in the boys' room will have."

►Edith Spillers found the following line in the January 14 edition of "All Florida and TV Week Magazine," in a story about a woman described as one of the nation's top restaurateurs, who flies her own plane: "Flying not only expedites her daily business, but has given her the deepest personal satisfaction she has had since the death of her husband several years ago."

►Edward Echols says that a high-ranking official of the government of Red China has been thrown into prison for deviationist tendencies. He was found to be Occident-prone.

►Writing in the forthcoming issue of "The Critic," Edmund Fuller picks apart the National Book Awards. He says choosing "Goodbye, Columbus" was a "disaster." In fact, he thinks there were a lot of disasters in the previous years and he hopes the judges will do better this time.

►The San Francisco *Chronicle* recently carried a blurb about e. e. cummings which stated that the poet "escrewed the use of capital letters."

►I glanced at a page of Frank Clause's "How to Win at Bowling," a new book published by Fleet, and an hour later bowled my highest score in twenty years. Don't bend your wrist, it said.

►Irving Kolodin saw a Rolls-Royce station wagon, and wonders what the people drive when they are not going to the station. —Jerome M. Beatty.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1455)

Newton F. Tolman:
THE MAGIC TOOT
(From the *Atlantic*, August 1960)

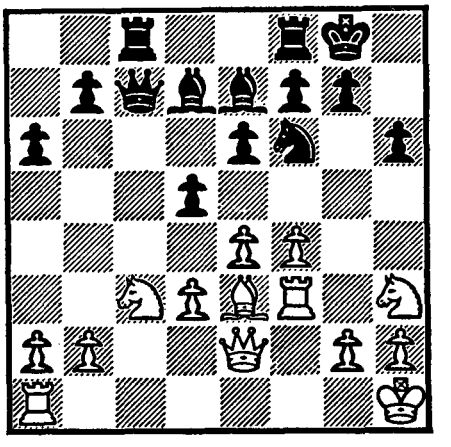
But I was just stubborn enough to cling to the flute as a hobby. And all through life it has proved a handy way of getting rid of unwanted callers. It also provides an emotional outlet, and one never knows when an emotional outlet may be needed in my house.

Chess Corner—No. 67

LARRY EVANS of New York is the new chess champion of the United States. With a final score of 7½-3½ and without a single loss, he topped a field of twelve in New York recently. Evans has been playing chess since childhood and first took part in tournament play at the age of thirteen. He won the title once before, in 1951. His style is shrewd, tenacious, and calculating, and only in moments of desperation does he play *va banque*, producing fantastic complications and brilliancies. Two rounds before the end of the tournament, he had announced his intention to draw the last two games. And so he did. The game below depicts Evans in a defensive mood. White deploys his men offensively. But just before the scheduled pyrotechnics, the champion compels the exchange of Queens, after which White's prospective onslaught disintegrates and so does his position.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	Eliot Hearst White			Larry Evans Black	
1	P-K4	P-QB4	9	K-R1	P-Q3
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	10	P-B4	B-Q2
3	P-Q4	PxP	11	Q-K2	R-QB1
4	NxP	P-K3	12	N-B3	O-O
5	N-QB3	Q-B2	13	N-KN5	P-R3
6	B-K3	P-QR3	14	N-R3	N-QN5
7	B-Q3	N-B3	15	R-B3	NxB
8	O-O	B-K2	16	PxN	P-Q4



17 R-N3 . . . . .

White's play to here has not been extremely accurate. But he has built up a formidable offense. Instead, he should now extinguish all counterplay with 17 P-K5, and then pursue his attack, which has a fair chance to succeed.

17	.....	PxP	24	B-N2	Q-R4!
18	PxP	Q-B5	25	P-QR3	QxQ
19	Q-B3	B-B3	26	RxQ	R-Q7
20	N-B2	KR-Q1	27	B-B1	R-B7
21	R-K1	K-B1	28	K-N1	B-B4
22	B-B1	P-QN4	29	N-N1	BxKP
23	P-N3	Q-B4		Resigns	

—Al Horowitz.

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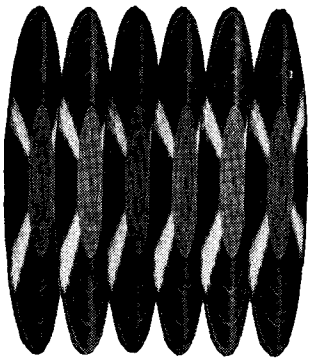

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Manner of Speaking

By JOHN CIARDI

CONFESSIONS OF A CRACKPOT: Americans are still born free but their freedom neither lasts as long nor goes as far as it used to. Once the infant is smacked on the bottom and lets out his first taxable howl, he is immediately tagged, footprinted, blood-tested, classified, certificated, and generally taken in census. By the time that squawler has drawn the breath of adulthood he must have some clerk's permission to go to school or stay away, ride a bike, drive a car, collect his salary, carry a gun, fish, get married, go into the army or stay out, leave or re-enter the country, fly a plane, operate a power boat or a ham radio, buy a piece of land, build a house or knock one down, add a room to the house he has bought, burn his trash, park his car, keep a dog, run his business, go bankrupt, practice a profession, pick the wildflowers, bury the garbage, beg in the streets, sell whiskey in his store, peddle magazines from house to house, walk across a turnpike from one of his fields to another now that the state has divided him—the list is endless. Even in death his corpse must be certificated and licensed before the earth may swallow him legally. Freedom is no longer free but licensed.

To be sure there are reasons for all those licenses; even good reasons for some of them. We have long since bred ourselves out of Daniel Boone's kind of freedom. He needed a whole unpopulated horizon for his gestures. But if we throw our arms around that way we end up with a thumb in a neighbor's eye. Regulation is the price of congestion.

Licensing, moreover, invariably begets license. This world's clerks are always shortsighted men and never reluctant to compromise great principle if they can thereby regulate some trifling issue. The view of things from those wickets can be taken for granted. But what shall ever save us when the citizen-licensees of these dark hallways begin to accept their endless licensing meekly?

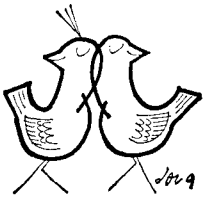
Within my own neurosis, nothing has rankled in me quite as much as the fact that I had to apply for a license before I could get married. I even argued with the then Miss Hostetter for a common-law marriage. Why go looking for the clerks? Let them find us. What is more private than a marriage? Who has a right to license it?

A few years ago, as I recall it, I appeared on one of those talky TV panels, this one on the subject of freedom. Almost automatically I uncorked my rancor at the idea of a marriage license. Almost inevitably there was a Man of Reason present. "But surely you see the point," he said in an infuriatingly soothing tone, "—if only for the Wasserman test . . ."

And there is the true sound of the license-habituated mind. Let freedom risk its germs, I told him, I would sooner be syphillitic and free than sanitary and licensed. That, of course, made me a crackpot. So be it, but I will still believe that clerks are a creeping paralysis to which any plague may be preferred.

As for Miss Hostetter, she won, of course, and bless her. Whatever a man can deny his wife, he can deny his bride nothing. I paid the fee, gave my drop of blood, and accepted the permission of a clerk's signature like a good puppy.

But let it be noted on my tombstone that I did bark once, and might even have bit. I had moved hastily into New Jersey and since I did not have time to buy a house, I drove past a new development, looked at the model, and signed on for a split-level—total buying time about forty-five minutes, taxes



payable to Bridgewater Township. Two years and one child later the house we wanted turned up in another town and we bought it, turning in the split-level like an old car (except—such is the world—with a slight profit)—total selling time, about fifteen minutes.

Off I went to Township Hall for my G.I. papers. And there the first thing I was asked by a dried pod of a female clerk was, "Have you a moving permit?" I asked what that might be and was informed that I could not move out of the township without a permit. Back came that neurosis: no, I did not have a moving permit nor did I want one; I had moved into her township without anyone's permission and I planned to move out the same way, thank you. She didn't call the FBI at once. In fact, she was painfully patient—to start with. "It doesn't *cost* anything," she said as if she had located the nucleus of the disease, "all you have to do is ask for it."

With various rhetorical flourishes I announced to her that it cost most of the remaining difference between me and a Russian, and that to ask for it was precisely what I refused to do. Three hours and several clerks later, the head man at that skim-milk distillery handed over my G.I. papers without the moving permit but warned me that I would be arrested if I tried to move without it. By then, however, I was smashing tea casks in Boston Harbor, crouching behind stone walls on the road to Lexington, and waiting for the whites of their eyes on Bunker Hill. I announced that I was moving the morning after next and that move I would, and without permission. I even had visions of poking out the picture window with a shotgun and shooting it out with George III, Geronimo, and J. Edgar Hoover.

I did, as I say, bark that once. And who knows?—I might even have bit, had I had a shotgun, and had majesty, maverick Indians, and the federal arm attacked. But these days a man can't win even in fantasy. On the appointed morning as I paced uneasily, preparing myself for jail, and blocking out the points of my appeal to the Supreme Court, the mover arrived and his men began calmly to stack our stuff in the van. As part of his normal procedure, he had taken out the permit for me. Worse, he not only had a permit for me to move out of the township, he had another permit allowing me to move into the new town.

As a dedicated crackpot—at least in my fantasy life—I wasn't quite through. I took time to call on my lawyer and from him I gathered that the law establishing moving permits was put on the books by landlords as a protection against rent skips, and by the municipalities to protect their claims to personal property taxes. Good enough reasons, to be sure, but measly ones in contrast to the principle of free movement that law brushed aside as a matter of no consequence. Could such a law be constitutional? My lawyer was certain it was not. He even pledged himself to fight it all the way to the top without fee, if I would pledge the court costs. It would take, he estimated, plus or minus $3,000.

That was where I lost the last teeth from my bite. A toothless and a sadder man writes this, but a crackpot yet. If I must forego the steak of the spirit and gum the mush of clerks, let me yet raise the sticky bowl in a toast to their total damnation before all of us are reduced to inky digits in ledgers as musty as the minds that certificate and alphabetize us in the name of good—and measly—reason.

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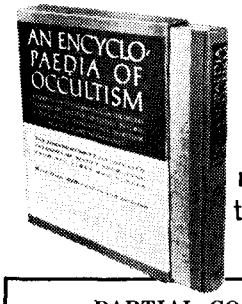

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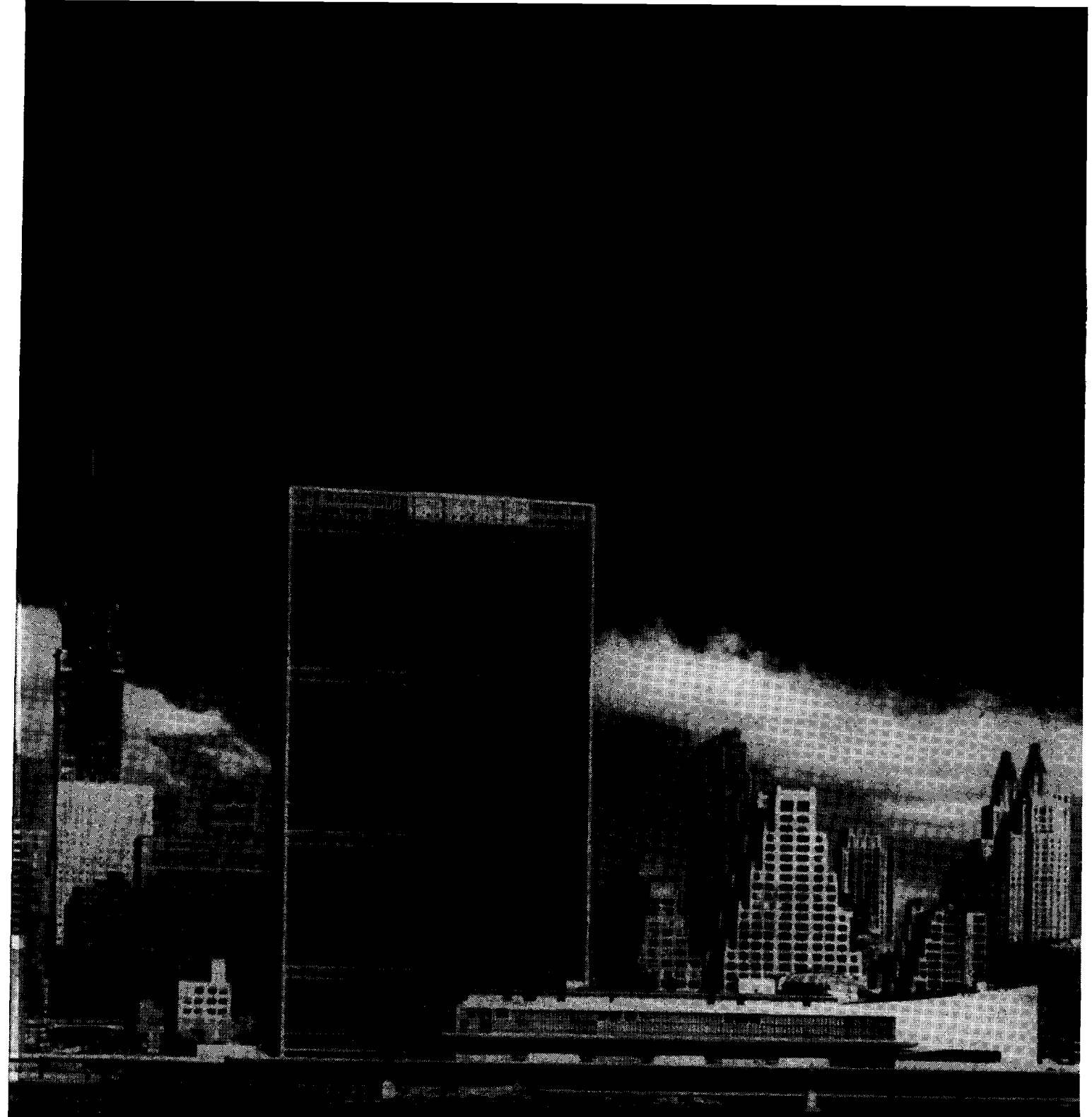

REPORT ON THE UN

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 24, 1962

A great debate is shaping up in the United States over the United Nations. The outbreaks in the Middle East, the Congo, and Goa, and the resultant need for U.N. funds, have focused American attention on the organization and, in many quarters, have called into question its value to the world. This is therefore a particularly appropriate time to review what goes on both in the big glass buildings on the East River and in U.N. outposts around the world. In the following special section, the functions and purposes of the U.N. are explored in articles by Arthur Larson, director of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University; George N. Shuster, retired president of Hunter College and, since 1958, a representative of the United States on the Executive Board of UNESCO; and John Tebbel, author, journalist, and educator. The editorial on page 32 analyzes some aspects of the public's reaction to the U.N. as revealed by recent opinion polls, and to the organization's current crisis of confidence.

1. COMMON SENSE AND THE UNITED NATIONS

By ARTHUR LARSON

THE crisis of confidence in the United Nations is caused not so much by the onslaughts of its enemies as by the doubts of its friends.

These friends do not want to lose their confidence in the organization. But the series of hammer blows battering the United Nations over the past year has come so quickly that answers for the many new questions raised have not been ready. As a result, while critics of the United Nations use the occasion to redouble their assaults, the supporters of the United Nations often find themselves falling back upon such statements as: "It may not be very good, but it is all we have."

We can do better than this. But to do so, we must marshal the facts, study the record, and be prepared with solid answers to the new questions that have caused the wave of worry about the U.N. These questions fall under three main headings:

1. The financial emergency, and questions about the use of a bond issue to help meet it.
2. Concern (as the result of Goa, the Soviet attack on the organization, the "troika" proposals, Security Council veto, enlarged membership of the General Assembly) about the efficacy of the U.N. as a peace-keeping instrument.
3. Controversy over the propriety of the Congo operation.

The Financial Emergency and the Bond Issue

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S proposal, now pending before Congress, that the United States take $100 million worth of the $200 million U.N. bond issue is the immediate occasion for the Great Debate shaping up on the United Nations. In a way, it is unfortunate that this should be the proving ground, because it sets against the proposal not only people who do not like the United Nations but also people who do not like bond issues. The damage to the United Nations from an adverse vote will be just as great if the motivation is anti-bond as if it were anti-U.N. For this reason the merits of the bond issue must first be examined—although everyone agrees that the main substance of the debate should and probably will be the merits of the United Nations itself.

The justification of the bond issue is straightforward: the United Nations desperately needs money. The U.N. at the end of the year had unpaid bills of $82.5 million. Added to depletion of the working capital fund and temporary loans from other accounts of $26 million, this brought the total deficit to some $107.5 million. Cash reserves will shortly be exhausted. This comes at a time when the Congo operation must be carried through in the interests of world peace.

What has brought about this crisis? It is not profligacy. It is the combination of the unprecedented size and duration of the Congo expense with the failure of some members to pay their assessed share of the cost of the Congo action (UNOC) and the Middle East action (UNEF).

The cost of the UNOC is running at about $120 million a year, and of UNEF $20 million a year. The United States has a national debt of $98 billion, mostly attributable to war. The United Nations' regular budget was similarly unprepared for sudden military expense. Accordingly the United States is now being asked to lend, to prevent war, one one-thousandth of the amount it has borrowed mostly to pay for war.

The amount of arrears owed by members was about $114.4 million at the end of 1961. The countries principally responsible for the deficit are shown in the box.

Obviously the first necessity is to do everything possible

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Major Arrears in U.N. Contributions

As of November 30, 1961, some of the largest arrears were:

	Annual Budget Assessment	*Annual Budget Arrears*	*U.N. Emergency Force Arrears*	*Congo Arrears*
USSR	9,356,287	8,408,843	12,774,084	20,088,253
CHINA	3,441,630	6,274,483	4,220,703	3,927,969
FRANCE	4,396,493	0	0	7,216,191
UKRAINE	1,236,514	1,113,581	1,479,085	2,654,835
ITALY	1,545,642	0	421,001	3,318,544
POLAND	941,124	818,569	1,208,150	1,342,070
CZECH.	597,648	112,665	709,019	1,283,171
U. K.	5,344,487	0	0	1,926,697
BELGIUM	893,038	27,212	43,245	1,495,973
JAPAN	1,504,425	0	0	1,084,695

As of the same date, only thirteen countries were completely paid up in all three accounts: Australia, Canada, Ceylon, Denmark, Ireland, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Thailand, Turkey, and the United States.

to get the defaulters to pay up. The penalty for continued default is loss of the vote in the General Assembly after the amount of arrears equals the amount of the contributions due from the member for the preceding two full years. Since the defaulters are contending that the special UNEF and UNOC assessments are not "expenses of the Organization" for the purposes of this penalty, the International Court has been asked for an advisory opinion on this point to lay the groundwork for applications of the penalty. While it is hazardous to anticipate the opinion of the International Court, an analysis of the legal issue shows little basis for this contention of the defaulters. Article 17 says that "the General Assembly shall consider and approve the budget of the Organization" and that "expenses of the Organization shall be borne by the members as apportioned by the General Assembly." The plain meaning of these words appears to confer broad power on the General Assembly to determine what are the expenses of the Organization, and the Assembly has explicitly decided that UNOC expenses are such expenses. The counterargument, raised by the Soviet Union, rests almost entirely on a theory that everything the Security Council and Assembly have done in the way of organizing armed forces in the history of the Organization has been illegal.

It has been stated by Senator Goldwater that the bond purchase would "aid the Communist conspiracy." The Communist bloc voted solidly against the bond issue. One theory advanced for this supposed beneficial effect on the reluctant Communists is that the bond issue would postpone the day of reckoning when Russia by reason of nonpayment of assessments would be barred from voting in the General Assembly. This theory overlooks the fact that the total amount of arrears must be compared each year with a sliding scale of total contributions due "for the *preceding* two full years." Therefore the raising or lowering of the debt for special assessments will simultaneously raise or lower the amount due for the immediately preceding years, with which the debt must be compared. Let us assume, as this theory does, that the bond issue might make it unnecessary to levy special assessments for the next two full years. Let us also assume that the International Court rules that the penalties apply to special assessments. The Soviet Union is now about $41 million in arrears. If it pays its regular budget assessment, as it probably will, this will bring the arrears down to about $33 million. If no special assessments were made against the Soviet Union in the next two years, the amount due from it for those two full years would be only its regular assessment, which at the present rate would amount to $18.7 million. Thus the present arrears of $33 million without any further default by the Soviet Union are for more than enough to bring down the penalty of loss of vote under Article 19.

How does the purchase of bonds affect the United States' contribution to the UNEF and UNOC operations? Because of defaults by certain members the United States' actual share in the cost of the Congo operation has proved to be about 47.5 per cent, and its share of the UNEF operation is almost that large. By having the bond issue repaid out of the regular budget, the United States' percentage will be reduced to the regular 32 per cent share that it contributes to the regular budget. Since the amount needed for each year's payments of principal and interest on the bond issue will be about $10 million, this will mean a contribution of about $3.2 million a year by the United States. The United States has recently been paying at the rate of about $66 million a year for the UNEF and UNOC operations.

No realistic alternative to the bond issue has yet been put forth. Of course, the United Nations could simply enlarge its special assessments to the extent necessary. The defaulters would go on defaulting, and the United States would end by paying outright roughly 50 per cent of the greatly enlarged assessment. It will also probably be suggested that action be withheld until the International Court has rendered its opinion. The difficulty with this course is that it might leave an interval of as much as six months in which the U.N. would be completely without funds.

The issuance of bonds by the U.N. is not unprecedented. It borrowed $65 million from the United States in 1948 to finance the building of its headquarters, and it is paying off this loan out of its regular budget.

The bond issue by no means solves the organization's financial problem. It does afford time for a sound long-range solution, such as the proposed "Peace and Security Fund," which would be raised by a special scale of assessments and kept at a level of something like $100 million to meet future emergency needs of the UNEF and UNOC type.

The U.N.'s Efficacy and Responsibility

THE UNITED NATIONS has three principal organs dealing with threats to the peace: the Security Council, the General Assembly, and the Secretary-General. Each has had its particular kind of problem. For the Security Council, it is the veto. For the Secretary-General, it is the Soviet attack and the "troika" proposal. For the General Assembly, it is the sharp enlargement of membership. Let us marshal the key facts bearing on each of these problems.

IS THE SECURITY COUNCIL PARALYZED BY THE VETO? Taking only the main votes in the area of maintenance of peace and security, one finds the following record from 1946 to January 1, 1961:

Draft resolutions adopted	95
Draft resolutions rejected due to veto (all but one by USSR)	34
Draft resolutions defeated by simple lack of majority	52

As to very recent actions, in spite of bitter attacks by the Soviet Union on the Congo operation, it has never found it advisable to use its veto on the four votes that initiated and enlarged the operation. Again, at the height of the Cold War tensions, the Security Council managed to agree upon a successor to Dag Hammarskjold.

However, it would be realistic to assume that in direct

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Cold War confrontations the veto will generally be a block to Security Council actions. This does not mean that the U.N. as a whole is paralyzed. Under the Uniting for Peace resolution passed in 1950, the Assembly in effect said that if the Security Council were prevented by the veto from taking effective collective measures to deal with threats to the peace, the General Assembly would act on behalf of the organization and authorize appropriate action by its members. Thus, in the Suez crisis, it was the General Assembly that passed the resolution demanding an end to the invasion and that even created an armed force, UNEF, which is still acting under General Assembly authority in the Gaza Strip.

ATTACK ON THE SECRETARY-GENERAL. After the death of Hammarskjold, it was speculated that no future Secretary-General would be able to take vigorous and independent action. The theory was that, since the Charter calls for a "recommendation" by the Security Council as the first step in the appointment of a Secretary-General, the Soviet Union could use its veto to keep the office vacant and eventually to force adoption of the "troika."

These fears were based upon legal misconceptions. Such an impasse could be broken in two ways. The General Assembly could do what it did when the Soviet Union vetoed the recommendation of Trygve Lie for a second term. The Assembly pointed out that it had created the length of the Secretary-General's term in the first place. It then simply extended the term by three years. If in April, 1963, when U Thant's term expires, the Soviet Union attempts to use its Council veto in the same way, the same device can be used, because the Security Council resolution on U Thant specifically recommends him "for the unexpired portion of the term previously fixed *by the General Assembly*," thus clearly recognizing the Assembly's control over the length of the term. The second solution is for the General Assembly simply to appoint the Secretary-General without recommendation by the Security Council. The legal justification for this course is too involved to be summarized here, but the writer will be glad to send a copy of a complete legal formulation supporting this position to any interested reader.

Certainly the fears that the attack on the Secretary-Generalship would weaken the office have been belied by the vigorous way in which U Thant has carried through the Congo operation, attacked the financial crisis, and taken hold of the West New Guinea dispute.

ENLARGEMENT OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY MEMBERSHIP. The number of countries represented in the General Assembly is now 104. This has led to four questions: 1) Has the enlargement made the Assembly ineffective? 2) Is it controlled by an Afro-Asian bloc? 3) Does it tend to vote pro-Communist? 4) Is it irresponsible on the issue of colonialism?

As to effectiveness: In last fall's session this enlarged Assembly put U Thant in office; dealt in straightforward manner with the issue of seating Red China; adopted a three-step plan for dealing with the financial crisis; endorsed three major United States proposals—the U.N. decade of development, a new start in U.N. cooperation on outer space, and a new $100 million world food program; took action confirming its positions on Communist injustice in Korea, Hungary, and Tibet; and endorsed the United States' plea for the renewal of talks in Geneva on a controlled nuclear-test ban.

As to the "Afro-Asian bloc": The record does not show that the fifty-four Afro-Asian countries form a voting bloc. They have many differences of national interests, religion, race, politics, ideology, and historical background which produce different votes on international issues. Inter-Arab disputes, rivalries between West African states, the India-

The U.N. and the U.S.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is from a column by George E. Sokolsky, distributed to several hundred newspapers* (© *King Features Syndicate, Inc.*)

THE existence of the United Nations is of tremendous importance to the United States. And that is what counts so far as the American people are concerned. We cannot build policy without regard to the essential necessities of this country.

Why is the United Nations of value to the United States? The answer is that we need a forum where our representatives can speak directly to the world. President Kennedy's speech before the United Nations did more to clear the atmosphere than miles of propaganda releases could do. He defeated Soviet Russia in Africa with one speech. This will not happen every time. We face a very tough period in our history and we are likely to fail as often as we succeed, but our chances will be better if the instruments available are beneficial to us.

It is true that Soviet Russia has used the anti-colonialism issue to build an Afro-Asian opposition to the United States. Soviet Russia did not invent anti-colonialism. Curiously enough, history will establish that the anti-colonialism issue was rife prior to World War I; that President Woodrow Wilson and Premier Jan Smuts of South Africa brought the issue before the nations at the Paris Peace Conference; that it was incorporated in the concept of a League of Nations; that the Gandhi movement in India was supported by the United States; that at Teheran and Yalta President Franklin D. Roosevelt was clearly antagonistic to colonialism and that United States policy was designed to free the colonial countries and to recognize them as soon as possible.

It is a tragedy of history that the one nation which has consistently held to the doctrine of self-determination throughout its history, the United States, should be regarded as pro-colonial. This is so because our principal allies have been and are the great colonial countries. On the other hand, Soviet Russia, which has pursued a policy of expansion, is universally regarded as anti-colonial.

In the United Nations, the newer countries, many of which have been freed by American assistance, can, by experience, learn the truth. Most of the new countries are not prepared for self-government and hav no economic basis for stability. It will take them a long time to discover what their position in the world really is and that they cannot stand on their own.

However, as long as the United Nations continues to exist and we are in it, these newer countries cannot be gobbled up by the great powers. The battle for the ownership of the Congo is an example of the peril that faces the small nations.

The Congo would have been gobbled up by now were it not for the existence of the United Nations. The alternative would have been a war to prevent Soviet Russia from absorbing the Congo as it has absorbed Cuba. Any war, at this moment, can be nuclear involving all countries. As long as the United Nations exists, an agency is available to offset, delay, avert such a war which seems otherwise inevitable.

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY.

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Pakistan dissension, are examples of this absence of monolithic character.

As to the alleged tendency of the Assembly to vote pro-Communist: The record does not bear this out. Recent examples of important votes unfavorable to the Communist position include: the fifty-megaton bomb resolution of October 27, 1961; the Tibet, Korea, and Hungary resolutions of December 20, 1961; the overwhelming vote of confidence in Hammarskjold following the Communist attack on his conduct of the Congo operation; and the defeat on January 30, 1962, of a Communist resolution calling for consideration of sanctions against Portugal in the Angola situation. Another significant indication of the attitude of African countries also occurred on January 30, 1961, when the United Nations received word that twenty African states meeting in Lagos, Nigeria, backed Mr. Adoula's view opposing the Soviet proposal to reopen Security Council debate on the Congo.

As to irresponsibility on the issue of colonialism: The record shows that practically all of the relevant resolutions on colonialism have been carried in moderate form by overwhelming majorities, with seldom more than two or three negative votes, while parallel proposed resolutions in extreme form have been defeated.

On November 27, by 97 votes to 0, the General Assembly passed its resolution calling for a rapid end to colonialism. The Soviet Union had intended to push a more extreme draft, but withdrew it on finding that the Asian-African members would not back it.

A resolution condemning South Africa's race policies was carried by 97 votes to 2. The more extreme draft, mainly backed by African states, failed to pass, largely because India and a dozen other Asian countries would not back it.

Similar results took place on two main resolutions on Southwest Africa, and on a resolution condemning Portugal's noncompliance with its U.N. obligation to colonies.

On January 30, 1962, another vote on Angola was passed by 99 to 2 calling on Portugal to work toward independence for Angola. On the same day a stronger resolution introduced by the Communist bloc was defeated.

There is nothing sudden about the U.N.'s position on colonialism. Colonial powers, by agreeing to the Charter, have from the beginning explicitly accepted "as a sacred trust the obligation . . . to develop self-government" (Article 73). As early as 1948, the U.N. actively implemented this policy by recommending independence for Indonesia.

THE failure of the United Nations to act on the Indian seizure of Goa admittedly exposed a weakness in the United Nations. Two facts bear on the gravity of this weakness in the future. First, the Goa situation presented a *fait accompli,* so that the task was not prevention but undoing of the aggression. By contrast, the current Indonesian threat to invade New Guinea affords time for preventive efforts. U Thant has got both sides to agree to negotiate. This may provide a better test case on whether, given adequate opportunity, the U.N. can bring about peaceful settlement of a dispute between a colonial power and one of its ex-colonies. The second relevant fact is that colonialism as an issue is tapering off. A symptom of this trend is the statement of Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, Governor-General of Nigeria, to the Lagos conference of African states on January 30, 1960: "Today is no longer an era of anti-colonialist harangues."

It is quite natural to feel that the "one nation one vote" principle is illogical and unfair when one sees Upper Volta casting the same vote as the United States, and Mali casting the same vote as England. However, the United Nations Charter in its very first sentence began by affirming "the equal rights . . . of nations large and small." The principle of equality of sovereign states in international law is analogous to the principle in domestic law that all individual persons are equal before the law and cast the same vote—although one individual may be a multimillionaire and a Ph.D., while another may be penniless and uneducated. The alleged illogic and unfairness of this principle as to individuals has been central to controversies about voting qualifications in democratic governments since their inception, and is still figuring in the day's news from Washington.

Apart from the question of principle, the practical difficulty of contriving an acceptable formula weighting population, wealth, and military power would in itself probably be sufficient to explain the failure to do anything about the present voting procedure.

In any event, the best test of the present system is whether it works reasonably satisfactorily in practice. The examples of General Assembly voting results cited above should help to throw some light on this question.

AS to the U.N.'s overall record of contributions to security and peace, only those with very short memories can brush it aside as insignificant. Its checking of the aggression in Korea ensured, as Trygve Lie wrote later, that "Korea did not become another Manchuria." The U.N. arranged a cease-fire in Kashmir in 1949, and is still working on a settlement. It arranged cease-fires in Indonesia and in 1948 recommended the independence of Indonesia, which was granted shortly after. The United Nations played a part in checking Communist support of civil war in Greece after World War II. It was instrumental in working out the Palestine division and in arranging cease-fires and armistice agreements in the fighting which followed. At the time of the Suez invasion, when the world was closer to World War III than at any time since Korea, with two major and two smaller countries already engaged in active hostilities, and with the Soviet Union threatening to use rockets and send in "volunteers," the General Assembly called for a cease-fire which was agreed to because the U.N. was able to meet the British and French condition that a police force be sent into the area. UNEF has ever since patrolled the Israel-Egypt border and prevented raids and clashes. U.N. discussions or actions played a part in the British-French withdrawal from Syria and Lebanon in 1946, the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Iran after World War II, the achievement of Tunisian independence, the prevention of violence over the Arab refugee problem, the settlement of the Anglo-Iranian oil expropriation dispute, and many other dangerous situations.

When this has been said, someone will usually reply: But can the U.N. handle the "really big" issues like Berlin? One answer is that there are several disputes in the list of achievements that deserve to be called "really big," including the Korean dispute, the Palestine crisis, the Suez invasion, and the Congo operation. On the other hand, no one contends that in a major direct Cold War confrontation the United Nations could, for example, impose a solution on the Soviet Union against its will. The record in Hungary is evidence enough of this. Nevertheless, the United Nations has made contributions to Cold War issues. Thus, at the time of the Berlin blockade in 1948, the ease of communication afforded by the United Nations setting facilitated the negotiation of a solution.

The real answer to this line of attack on the U.N. is that world wars may be set off, not by major confrontations, but by supposedly small and remote disputes not originally involving the Great Powers. The spark that ignited World War I was the assassination of an Archduke at Sarajevo, combined with years of Serbian irredentist activity in Bosnia and Herzogovina. As to World War II, Trygve Lie's comparison of Korea to Manchuria reminds us that the unchecked aggression in Manchuria led to similar aggressions in Ethiopia and elsewhere, culminating in the invasion of

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2. The Trials and Triumphs of UNESCO

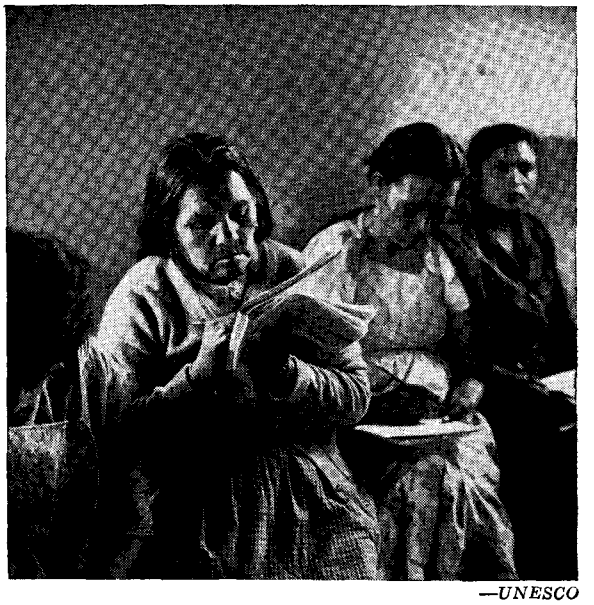
By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization is one of the specialized agencies of the U.N. These agencies are definitely not as glamorous as the parent body; they doubtless never will be. The political and military terror which serves as a stark, dramatic backdrop to everything the nations say or do haunts them, too, but as a specter whose home is elsewhere. But their service to international cooperation and understanding ought to be news, or at least glad tidings. Concerned with the welfare of youth, with education, with the free exchange of dependable information, with the world's food supply and the conquest of disease, they now play a part in the affairs of men incalculably more significant than anyone could have foreseen ten years ago.

UNESCO has gradually become the most important member of the group. This is because practically everyone now realizes that only education can open the door to a better future for the "new" peoples determined to throw off the shackles of poverty, ignorance, and disease. It is also clear that a continuing exchange of views between scholars and experts working in all the fields of human endeavor is almost the only thing we can rely on today to get a few yards across the formidable barriers that divide the world. The single question all but 2 of the 102 nations now holding membership in UNESCO therefore ask is: How much help can the organization give and how well equipped is it to act quickly, effectively, and imaginatively? The Russians interpose the same question they put to every other international organization: How much power can we exercise, and who must get out of the way in order to let us do so? The other dissident is the United States. Official Washington, including many able people in the Congress, would like to stand solidly behind the agency and help it accomplish more. But for some sectors of American public opinion, which have no counterparts elsewhere in the world, UNESCO is controversial, dangerous, subversive. This obsession has gravely weakened the effectiveness of the organization in our country and to a considerable extent abroad.

The fact is especially deplorable because the importance of education is nowhere more fervently recognized than it is with us. We all know that without its schools, colleges, and universities the United States would be a primitive country. Not very long ago we were receiving educational assistance from abroad. It is not quite a century ago that the Congress of the United States made possible the creation of Land Grant Colleges, thus making inevitable the fabulous development of engineering and agriculture. Today the leap from colonial rule to independence by so many nations means that they must either do something like what we have done, however slowly and painfully, or collapse into hordes no longer possessing even the safeguards of primitive cultures. We do not want them to collapse. Trying to keep them from doing so has indeed become a major part of the job of making the world safe for the United States. But the task which lies ahead is so vast, costly, and difficult that we Americans cannot undertake it alone, even if it were desirable that we should. The need in terms of brains, money, and good will is far too great. It is also worth noting that many of the newer nations hardly recognize any affinity with us in the educational sense. Failing to realize that we also once had problems of illiteracy, stagnant agriculture, and crude industrial expansion, they do not believe that we can really understand their problems.

That is one reason why a considerable portion of the responsibility has shifted to the U.N. and its specialized agencies. Nearly all of them engage in education. ILO fosters vocational training, UNICEF is concerned with the teaching of



—*UNESCO*

Literacy Through UNESCO—Left, a classroom scene in the UNESCO-assisted Fundamental Education Center for Paraguay; right, a reading center in Mexico City.

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nutrition, WHO prepares leaders in health education. But by far the greatest share of the burden is carried by UNESCO, at all levels from elementary and adult education to the secondary school and the university. It also conducts or shares in research activities. Startling as developments during the past decade have been, those of the next ten years may greatly outdistance them. The present program is complex. There is UNESCO's own continuing program. Technical assistance as sponsored by the U.N. demands the time and energy of a constantly increasing staff. Third, UNESCO functions either as the executive agency to which other U.N. offices turn, notably the Special Fund, which is concerned with "preinvestment" (that is, with creating the conditions necessary for profitable outlays of capital in underprivileged countries), or as educational counselor to member states or to such agencies as the International Development Bank. In addition, it is called upon to accept special assignments, as was the case when the U.N. needed to recruit teachers for the Congo or when international action seemed advisable to preserve Nubian monuments threatened with inundation as a result of the building of the Aswan Dam.

LITTLE in UNESCO's early history suggested this kind of future. When the American Delegation went to London in 1945 to help give body to something then only an idea vaguely expressed in the U.N. Charter, it was instructed to oppose any suggestion that assistance to education in war-torn or other countries be a function of the new organization. The Congress was thought to be resolutely hostile—a glaring contrast with the present hour.

Accordingly, emphasis was placed on activities designed to promote international understanding and what was then hopefully referred to as "peace." The scientists present believed themselves specially competent, for did they not talk a language universally understood? The ancient battle with the humanities was then of course revived, and the word "culture" was likewise stressed at the baptismal font.

A preamble to the UNESCO Constitution declared that wars begin in men's minds and that therefore defenses must be erected in those minds. Unfortunately the Russians remained aloof for more than five years, so that an aura of unreality descended on an organization having to live in the same world with Stalin and the Truman Doctrine. Nor could anyone be sure which educational enterprises would have the most pacific effect; and so the time of the organization was taken up with a vast array of small chores sometimes bearing such resounding names as "Reducing World Tensions," but often failing to be more than the hobbies of their authors. This reputation for anti-realism was enhanced when Julian Huxley, the first Director-General, decided that UNESCO needed an underlying philosophy and that none could be more entrancing than his own. It was issued in a little book with green covers, which caused many readers to turn colors usually associated with dissent or even rage. The impact on this country was particularly emotional in character.

From the point of view of American foreign policy, the new organization was not only useless but embarrassing. There seemed little the Department of State could do about the defenses of the peace in men's minds after Gromyko walked out of the Security Council and the Korean War neared. The public meanwhile indulged in angry harangues. The enemies of Huxley's views were eloquent. Other citizen groups feared that sinister internationalists were trying to persuade children not to be patriotic. Although UNESCO's constitution expressly prohibits action in any country not taken in response to that country's invitation, it was assumed that its emissaries were plotting to take over the school system of the United States. All this was fused with the odd belief, which antedated Senator McCarthy, that the State Department was a sort of private club of subversive agents and enemies of the people. UNESCO was doubtless the most unpopular international organization with which the Secretary of State had to deal. He saw to it that the obligations of the United States were met and countenanced efforts to enlighten the public mind. But not even the greatest public relations genius could then have made UNESCO seem more than a desperate and questionable exercise in the dissemination of moral maxims. For apart from being a target for abuse, it seemed highbrow and elusive, neither of which adjectives the American people admire.

But as a matter of fact not a little was actually being accomplished. Gradually a number of quaint and peripheral activities were dropped. First-rate work was done to secure an International Copyright Convention, preparations were expertly made for an International Geophysical Year, a project in arid land studies was inaugurated, research in education was fostered, and plans were laid for dealing with the problem of illiteracy. Above all, perhaps, the heritage of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation was invested profitably. This had been a creation of the League of Nations and had enjoyed the co-operation of important groups in the United States. Fostering scholarly association in a number of fruitful ways, it had embarked on a series of impressive publications. UNESCO henceforth carried, with an increasing measure of success, the burden of these enterprises, in the fields of bibliography, museum direction, educational planning and statistics, the social and the natural sciences, and art reproduction.

Today, although the emphasis has shifted to educational need, this fundamental, continuing program provides the most comprehensive introduction to intercultural studies and their promotion which the world possesses. Periodicals, books, translations, reports of symposia, special studies, and art education activities give a most valuable picture of what is happening in the world of ideas in all the nations. Today we recognize that intercultural education is a vital need in this country as in others. The social and intellectual structure of mankind has changed; not even Americans can lock themselves behind closed doors and read only native American authors. From this point of view, UNESCO would have to be created if it did not exist. The achievement is primarily due to a handful of good men, for the most part unknown to a wide public. From one point of view, a sort of peak was reached with the Major Project in East-West Understanding, which got off to a shaky start but seems to have its feet increasingly on the ground.

NOW the world situation has changed dramatically. The need for effective international organizations is being more and more widely recognized, despite tension and strife in the U.N. itself. In the case of UNESCO an almost overwhelming spur to activity was the world's growing thirst for education. The confrontation of the peoples was being drastically changed. This was not a revolt of the masses but a reaching out of countless hands towards the light of learning which would bring release from poverty and ignorance. Moreover, the United States was now coping with the problem of bringing education to nations it desired to keep out of the clutches of Communism. What had seemed unwarranted in 1945 was inevitable in 1960. The ground thus laid for cooperation with UNESCO was intensified during the Congo crisis. While there can be no doubt that a nation-to-nation approach is often most effective, situations arise in which it is quite impractical. An international

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3. The U.N.'s "Hidden" 85%

By JOHN TEBBEL

THE lean glass slab of the Secretariat Building lifts sheer and high above its three interconnected parts—General Assembly, Conference, and Library—to mark the permanent headquarters of the United Nations. Architecturally these buildings are the glory of Manhattan's East River skyline. What goes on inside them is the hope of the world.

Few Americans really know what does go on inside. They see the dramatic meetings of the General Assembly or the Security Council on their television sets, but they do not understand that they are looking only at the part of the iceberg that appears above water. The vast part lying below does not have the immediacy of crisis news; the fate of men and nations does not immediately depend upon it.

Yet the dedicated men and women who work in the U.N.'s hundreds of offices in the glass box are at the center of a complex world network of U.N. organizations whose impact on the life of mankind has already been enormous, and which is capable, by collective action, of shaping man's destiny on our trouble-beset globe.

Fifteen specialized agencies comprise the organization. Much of the work they do is unknown to the public in this country, but not to the people of the world who benefit from it. No one can measure what these agencies have meant to the health and welfare of the world's peoples, but perhaps a brief summary of the projects that flow in and out of U.N. headquarters will suggest their vital importance.

THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION. This is one of the U.N.'s specialized agencies. WHO, as it is familiarly known, is an intergovernmental health agency, whose work is carried out by the World Health Assembly, to which all member states send delegates; an Executive Board of eighteen people designated by the members; and a Secretariat under the Director-General.

WHO devotes its personnel to the terrible, crippling public health problems which enslave so much of the world in utter misery. The agency deals in the laboratory and on the front line with tuberculosis, venereal disease, and other communicable diseases. It is concerned with maternal and child health, mental health, social and occupational health, nutrition, nursing, environmental sanitation, public health administration, professional education and training, and health education of the public. It is involved with compiling an international pharmacopoeia, with setting up biological standards, and standards for insecticides and insect-spraying equipment; with control of addict-producing drugs, the exchange of scientific information, drawing up international sanitary regulations, revising the international lists of diseases and causes of death, collecting and disseminating epidemiological information, and statistical studies on morbidity and mortality.

An imposing list. Behind the cold words, however, is a human story of devotion to the almost impossible task of fighting disease and death in countries where they are the constant companions of every human being. The results of this work seldom appear in the headlines.

Everyone, for instance, is aware of the events in the Congo that did make headlines for months. But how many know that even at the height of the Congo crisis WHO had initiated a long-range program of technical assistance by providing advisory services, and by initiating a plan for education and training, both locally and abroad?

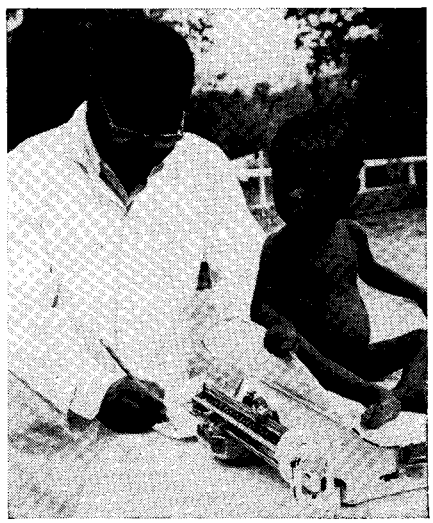
When the International Red Cross ended its assistance to the Congo in June, 1961, WHO undertook the responsibility of maintaining the medical care services of the country by placing doctors in areas where Red Cross teams had worked before. These doctors, nurses, and technicians fought an outbreak of smallpox, brought under control an epidemic of a deadly tropical disease, kwashiorkor, and performed a prodigious amount of field work. All this, of course, continues today, as do the education and training programs instituted and maintained in the Congo's Lovanium University, as well as the training of Congolese abroad. The long-range aim is to train enough native doctors and technicians so that the Congo can eventually take care of its own people.

WHO is at work all over the world—studying tuberculosis control methods in Madras; fighting the debilitating,

—UNICEF/Photo by Winter

UNICEF in Iran—A doctor takes a blood smear to check for malaria.

UNICEF in Peru—The U.N. seeks to aid underage, underprivileged workers.



—WHO/Photo by Paul Almasy.

WHO in the Congo—Medical checkup for an undernourished two-year-old.

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killing malaria that affects 530 million of the 560 million people living in Southeast Asia; helping rid Indonesia's 92 million of yaws, a disease that may be virtually extinct there by 1965; battling cholera in India. The list of WHO's good works is nearly endless, and millions of people owe their lives to it.

United Nations Children's Fund, more familiarly known as UNICEF. Those Americans who carried on a campaign against UNICEF's Christmas cards last year—they are sold to help carry on the work of this voluntary organization—could not have known what the agency is, or what it has accomplished. In the words of Robert Heilbroner, it is the direct expression of "a crusade in which scores of governments, hundreds of organizations, thousands of individuals are fighting for the cause of all the children of mankind. It is a crusade which depends on the efforts of overworked and underpaid staffs of doctors and government administrators in a hundred countries. . . ."

WHERE DOES UNICEF AID GO? UNICEF is assisting 421 projects in 105 countries and territories and seven regional or inter-regional projects.

	Totals	Africa	Asia	East. Med.	Europe	Americas
	105	35	20	12	5	33
Country Projects						
Health Services	118	27	27	13	9	42
Welfare Services	21	11	4	3	—	3
Disease Control	165	51	48	27	4	35
Nutrition	105	16	22	18	7	42
Primary Education	4	1	1	—	1	1
Emergency	8	5	1	1	—	1
Total Country Projects	421	111	103	62	21	124

—*UNICEF/Photo by Jack Ling.*

Varied projects — Above, a UNICEF aide in India distributes milk to children; below, a deaf child in Denmark receives speech instruction from a WHO teacher.

What exactly does UNICEF do? First of all, it conducts a global battle against hunger, the hunger of children. In countries like Chile, Nigeria, and Indonesia, where there will be milk shortages for many years to come, UNICEF is helping to develop milk substitutes. Where there is, or can be, milk, UNICEF helps to make safe milk production possible and economical. Milk is only one aspect of the fight against hunger, the great enemy; there are many others.

After hunger, UNICEF contends with disease, aiding WHO in stemming and minimizing the diseases that prevent children from growing to adulthood. This is a fight which is making real progress, tangible progress.

—*WHO/Photo by Eric Schoat.*

UNICEF has learned that helping the world's children to be healthier and sturdier requires the overcoming of community superstitions and traditions, fostered by an ignorance derived from the total lack of opportunity to learn. As wholesale death from hunger and disease begins to recede, UNICEF can begin to teach the idea of health through training nurses and establishing health centers.

This agency has more than 325 programs going on in some 100 countries. But who does the work? No more than 400 people throughout the world, spending less than $25,000,000—or less than half what New York City spends on its health and welfare services. All the money UNICEF spends must be voluntarily contributed; no government is obligated to support its work. The U.N. itself has no other commitment than to supply free office space.

In one year, operating on this meager budget, UNICEF (among many other things) vaccinated 15,400,000 children against TB, protected 32,000,000 against malaria, treated 3,500,000 and their parents for yaws, treated a million others for trachoma, and gave milk rations to 5,300,000 children or mothers. Large figures? UNICEF estimates that there are 650,000,000 children in the world who are not well enough fed, looked after, or brought up in an atmosphere in which the basic essentials of child welfare are as much as known.

Programs of Technical Assistance. To help the developing countries get on their feet and cast off centuries of poverty, the U.N. brings to bear the cooperative efforts of its agencies in various organizational and financial arrangements. These agencies include the Expanded Program of Technical Assistance, the Special Fund, the World Bank and its affiliates, the International Finance Corporation and the International Development Association, the International Monetary Fund, the technical aid programs financed from the

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regular budgets of the United Nations and related agencies, and the cooperative efforts of the Regional Economic Commissions and voluntary organizations like UNICEF.

The results of such cooperation are everywhere. While the OAS ministers deliberated at Punta del Este, and the Alliance for Progress moved toward a Congressional struggle for its life, the U.N. already had behind it in Latin America a significant record of technical assistance accomplishment in the entire region, and in each one of its twenty republics.

In Jordan, U.N. technicians have cooperated with the government in constructing the small, modern port of Aqaba, Jordan's only access to the sea, increasing the port's tonnage from 70,000 tons in 1953 to 680,000 in 1960.

In Peru, where communication between the coast and the interior is vital, the first civil aviation school for general training of air technicians and aircrew has been established with U.N. help.

In Mexico, a fellowship program has been instituted to provide opportunities for high-level training for industry, to hand-picked people of Mexican nationality. These programs will supply engineers, chemists, and biologists to staff Mexican industrial enterprises.

In Nigeria, the U.N. is helping the government to find a proper place for a dam to generate power, aid navigation, institute flood control, and provide irrigation.

In India, U.N. agencies have set up a Central Training Institute in Calcutta, designed to train a student body of 400 instructor-trainees in fifteen trades, turning out approximately 2,400 craft instructors over the four-year period of assistance.

In Africa, now the largest concentration of U.N. assistance, about forty countries and territories are benefiting from U.N. technical aid. This aid is directed toward assisting relatively large projects designed to develop the human potentials and disclose the wealth-producing potentials of the countries' natural resources, and to train and assist the people to make the most effective use of these resources.

Many of the U.N.'s special agencies have headquarters in other countries, but all of them have offices in the big glass box. Besides the major agencies mentioned—WHO, UNICEF—there are numerous others, all doing important work which would take many more columns to describe.

That is how the United Nations budget of nearly $73,000,000 was spent last year. This is what goes on in the glass box on the East River. It may be the biggest bargain of all time.

Conquest by Classical Bias

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ONE OF the surprising revolutions of our time, as Richard Foster points out in **"The New Romantics"** (University of Indiana, $5.75), has been the triumph of the New Criticism in the universities. "Nearly every major college English department," he writes, "has its share of New Critics or Younger Critics, and there is hardly a professor any more, this side of the linguist and bibliographer, who does not encourage skills of 'analysis' in his students and cherish notions of critical prowess in himself."

The New Criticism, of course, is no longer new, though we go on using the term. It took shape in the late Twenties and early Thirties, under the leadership of John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and other members of the Southern agrarian group. Behind them lay I. A. Richards and T. S. Eliot, and behind Eliot was T. E. Hulme. Because of the conservative inclinations of its Southern spokesmen, the New Criticism at the outset had a reactionary flavor, but this was not of its essence. More significant was its classical bias, and most important of all was its emphasis on textual analysis. The New Critics are fond of saying that a poem is a world in itself, and, according to their theory, the critic should examine that world and nothing else.

To understand why the New Criticism has made such an easy conquest of the universities, one has to know how most courses in literature were taught twenty-five years ago. It is fair to say, I think, that the typical professor spent his time in talking around works of literature instead of talking about them: he talked about literary influences, the life of the writer, and the social background, but he rarely came to grips with the work of art as a work of art. Of course there were many and brilliant exceptions, but this was the kind of teaching that was commonly done.

All that has been remedied, and a good thing, too; but new dangers have developed. In the first place, more and more attention is being given to certain writers canonized by the New Critics, and many first-rate poets and novelists are ignored in contemporary curricula. In the second place, textual analysis, in the hands of a dull teacher, can be the most trivial sort of occupation. Foster quotes Ihab Hassan as saying that formalistic criticism has degenerated into "an irrelevant and intricate pastime, one that an IBM could probably simulate with equal interest," and Foster himself describes the majority of academic critics as mechanical.

On the other hand, he insists that the best of the New Critics are anything but mechanical. Indeed, he argues—and this gentle paradox is the central thesis of his book—that they are Romantics at heart. To give weight to his argument at the outset, he sets down a series of quotations, some from New Critics, some from major figures of the Romantic movement, and the reader is supposed to tell them apart. It isn't easy to do. Here, for instance, is R. P. Blackmur saying, "The notion of the poetic goes along with our notion of intuition, the seized perception in depth"; and here is Edward Young saying, in 1759, "There is something in poetry beyond mere prose-reason." Here is I. A. Richards: "Poetry is the supreme use of language, man's chief coordinating instrument, in the service of the most integral purposes of life." And here is Wordsworth: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge. . . . Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge."

Foster manages his argument in an interesting fashion. He discusses in detail four men associated with the New Criticism—I. A. Richards, Eliseo Vivas, R. P. Blackmur, and Allen Tate—and shows how they have moved in the direction of Romanticism. He then examines the theories of poetry held by the principal New Critics, and proceeds, by means of textual analysis, to show the Romantic elements in their prose.

On the whole his argument is persuasive. As he knows and says, the distinction between Classical and Romantic is not perfectly clearcut, and one can find many passages in the New Critics that suggest at least a semi-classical tendency, but the Romantic strain is stronger than has been hitherto realized. In important ways these crit-

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ics do belong to the great tradition of the past 200 years.

Foster's attitude towards the New Critics can only be described as starry-eyed. All other critics are brushed aside: one would not know from this book that V. L. Parrington and Van Wyck Brooks and Edmund Wilson ever existed, much less that they had made significant contributions to the appreciation and growth of American literature. Ransom, Tate, and especially Blackmur emerge as towering figures, which I suspect is not the way the future will see them.

It is interesting that so adulatory a book appears at a time when we can begin to see signs of revolt against the influence of the New Critics in the universities. If one can hope that the text will never again be ignored as it was by many academicians in the past, one can also hope that it will cease to be a heresy to look beyond the text. Articles are appearing in the scholarly journals to suggest that, after all, writing implies a writer, and that often a knowledge of the writer is vital to an understanding of the writing.

I suppose a really devout disciple of the New Critics would never consider writing a biography of a literary figure, but one can speculate as to the nature of a New Critical biography. To be logical, the author would have to discuss the man's character and his work as if there were no connection between them, with biography in one compartment and criticism in another. Recently (*SR*, Feb. 3), on reviewing Howard Doughty's "Francis Parkman," I observed that Doughty used textual analysis to excellent effect—something that has rarely been done with historical writings. But I also pointed out how skilfully he related events in Parkman's life to his histories. Biography can be relevant to a history or a novel or a poem or even, on occasion, to a single line of poetry or perhaps a single word.

All this would seem too obvious to be worth saying if it were not being denied every day in all sorts of college courses and graduate seminars. The explication of the text, which, as Foster has written his book to prove, the best of the New Critics have used for their own larger purposes, has become an end in itself for many of their academic followers. Probably their teaching is no worse in its effect on their students than the teaching of a generation ago, but it may be just as bad. At least, as W. M. Frohock has noted in "Strangers to This Ground" (*SR*, Dec. 9, 1961), this kind of teaching has failed to create the kind of receptive but discriminating reading public we need.

BOOK IN THE NEWS

Dictatorship Redefined

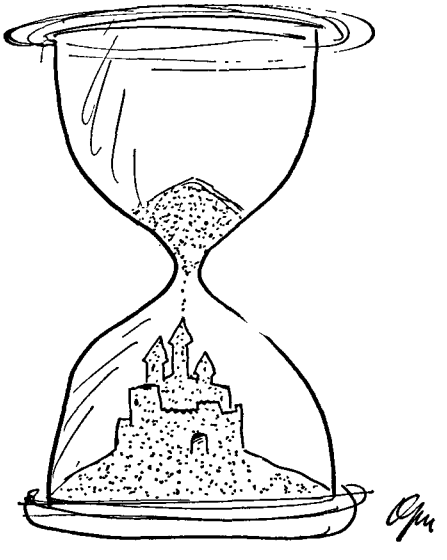
***"Cuba: Prophetic Island," by Waldo Frank** (Marzani & Munsell. 171 pp. $3.50), extols the Caribbean leader and charges the United States with having "sinned" against him. Daniel James is the author of four books on Latin America, the latest of which is "Cuba: The First Soviet Satellite in the Americas."*

By DANIEL JAMES

IT IS unfortunate for Waldo Frank, but fortunate for the cause of the truth, that this book appears after Fidel Castro's public admission last December that he has been a Communist since his student days. For nothing refutes more conclusively Frank's main thesis, that Castro is not a Communist, than that admission. Thus Castro himself has rendered abortive Frank's intended apologia for him.

Indeed, the book only damages Frank and his reputation as a writer—on politics and Latin American affairs, at any rate. For with it he joins the pitiful band of American "experts" who, like moths, were irresistibly drawn to the flame of Fidel Castro only to be consumed by it. Frank's infatuation with the new Cuba (which he is not above expressing in erotic symbolism at times) is, however, perhaps the most acute case on record, and should be of some clinical interest.

Frank eulogizes Castro in embarrassingly extravagant terms reminiscent of those once reserved for Stalin by paid apologists of the Kremlin. (It is painful to report that Frank, by his own admission, did in fact receive a "grant" from Havana to write this book.) He goes so far as to refer to the difficulties and misunderstandings with which Jefferson and Lincoln had to cope as relevant historical background in comprehending Castro. He calls him a "genius" and, in a moment of religious ecstasy, "a presence." In more moderate passages, Castro's nose resembles a "classical Greek statue" and he possesses a "voice like a cello." "Love is Castro's strength," Frank sums up the character of the man who constantly preaches hatred against his neighbors and has returned the love of so many of his followers with imprisonment and the *paredón*.



One of the most appalling things about Frank's book is the moral bankruptcy revealed in his tortuous efforts to "prove" that Castro is not a dictator. He might have genuinely believed that Castro is not a Communist, but who, following Cuban affairs as closely as Frank, can imagine him a democrat? Yet Frank insists that "to call him a 'dictator' is dishonest semantics," and immediately proceeds to exhibit something akin to that brand of semantics. Castro only enacts "what Cuba's needs dictate." He is, after all, an artist, "And is not every artist . . . in a way a dictator?" Altogether, "it seems unreal" to Frank to call Castro a dictator, and he suggests that "perhaps the name needs redefining."

No sooner said than done. Frank redefines "dictator" as a word that "should be reserved for those who *destroy or stultify their people in order to rule*" (his italics). Agreed. And doesn't Castro fit that definition perfectly? No, says Frank, stubbornly refusing to see the classic evidences of totalitarian dictatorship all over Cuba: the countless political prisoners rotting in miserable jails without trial, the barbaric mass executions of opponents charged with unproved crimes, the regimentation and militarization of an entire people, the suppression of all freedoms, the permanent terror exercised by an omnipotent secret police, the arbitrary rule of one party and one leader. In his fascination for the dictator, Frank cannot see the dictatorship: barracks have been converted into schools, he reports, echoing govern-

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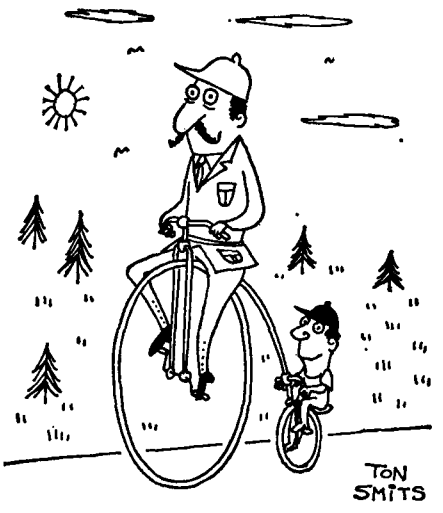

ment propaganda, without telling the reader that meanwhile the schools have been converted into barracks.

At bottom, Frank shares Castro's totalitarian temperament (and one only wonders why he troubles to hide that fact behind democratic phraseology). Thus Castro is right in not holding elections, "for elections would be a bothersome delay," and right in suppressing the free press because "there are times of national fervor when an opposition press become a nuisance." In such terms—terms that uncomfortably resemble those which American intellectuals once used to justify Stalin—does Frank justify the tyranny of a Caribbean Stalin.

Logically enough, Frank's embrace of Castro involves rejection of what the United States stands for. If the Fidelistas are pure of heart, we are ridden with "sin"—a word the author frequently employs in the shrill manner of a religious fanatic to impress upon us our guilt for Cuba's tragic state. Is Castro today in the Soviet camp? It is because we have "sinned," waging an "economic war" upon him that "forced" him into Moscow's arms—a long since discredited thesis. Frank is so blind to the truth that he ignores the simplest facts, writing that Castro told him that "until the sugar and oil restrictions by the U.S., there had not been so much as an exchange of letters between the Cuban and Russian governments," when that is not so. The present writer, for one, has published evidence showing that Castro had established contact with the Soviets (via their embassy in Mexico) at least as early as July 1959, a full year before we canceled the Cuban sugar quota. And by that time, Frank chooses to forget, Cuba and Russia had enjoyed trade relations for nearly six months!

One gathers from Frank's murky philosophizing that he favors some form of collectivism (not Communism, he says) for Latin America. Like an old-fashioned imperialist, Frank seems to me to be contemptuous of the downtrodden for whom he expresses such emotional concern, regarding them as not "ready" for "our" kind of democracy. And like Sartre, he prescribed "direct democracy"—or "syndicated democracy," as he calls it—for the backward Latins: an imperialism of the left. When "Fidel Castro announced, while the crowd roared, that *the crowd* [his italics] constituted itself 'The General National Assembly of the Cuban people,'" that, to Frank, represented a "direct, almost physical embrace of leaders and people" ideally suited to the Latin temperament.

In *SR* October 7, 1961, Frank castigated "Tragic Island: How Communism Came to Cuba," by Irving Peter Pflaum, whose book, though as emotional and disorganized as Frank's, distinguishes between "Fidel's Revolution" and the "Cuban Revolution" and rejects the former while supporting the latter. It is a distinction well made, for what has happened in Cuba is that the Communists have staged a counter-revolution and to speak of what is going on today as the Cuban Revolution is to indulge in meaningless words or to parrot Castro propaganda.

What does Pflaum think we should do about Cuba? He suggests, in general, that "our more recent relations with Mexico can be our guide," and this reviewer, having resided in Mexico for the past several years, applauds heartily. As if answering Frank directly, Pflaum, recognizing that we have always intervened in Cuba, makes clear that "our choice is not between fantasies and dreams but between good and bad intervention. . . ." The trouble with Pflaum's thesis is practical: How do we go about choosing between "good" and "bad" intervention? How can we insure, in other words, the ultimate triumph of the "Cuban Revolution" over "Fidel's Revolution" without resorting to naked armed intervention?

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ONE NAME'S THE SAME

The *last* name of the author of each work listed in Column One below is also the *first* name of an author whose work is listed in Column Two. Ralph Chamberlin of Syracuse, New York, asks you to pair off the works written by these "namesakes." (Example: "The Jungle—Upton Sinclair "Babbitt"—Sinclair Lewis.) The authors are listed with the answers on page 60.

1.	"Lord Jim"	( )	"Advise and Consent"
2.	"The Road to Rome"	( )	"Studs Lonigan"
3.	"The Diary of a Young Girl"	( )	"Noa Noa"
4.	"Clayhanger"	( )	"The Melancholy Lute"
5.	"Progress and Poverty"	( )	"The Horse's Mouth"
6.	"Ben-Hur"	( )	"Winesburg, Ohio"
7.	"Westward Ho!"	( )	"Reconsiderations"
8.	"Up From Slavery"	( )	"Through the Looking Glass"
9.	"Diary" (1620-1706)	( )	"The Sketch Book"
10.	"Anthony Adverse"	( )	"Adam Bede"
11.	"Captain Craig"	( )	"The Shame of the Cities"
12.	"The Ambassadors"	( )	"Lucky Jim
13.	"Culture and Anarchy"	( )	"The Loved One"
14.	"Cinderella's Daughter	( )	"Tiger-Lilies"
15.	"Year of Decision"	( )	"Balthazar"
16.	"Lady Chatterley's Lover"	( )	"Try and Stop Me"
17.	"Charley's Aunt"	( )	"Blue Voyage"
18.	"The Silver Cord"	( )	"Tobacco Road"
19.	"The Monk"	( )	"The Sea Fox"
20.	"Ulysses"	( )	"Look Homeward, Angel"
21.	"Arcadia"	( )	"The Grass Harp"
22.	"Poor Richard's Almanac"	( )	"McTeague"
23.	"Ivanhoe"	( )	"Spartacus"
24.	"The Gettysburg Address"	( )	"Tamar"
25.	"The Last Time I Saw Paris"	( )	"Sunday Morning"

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About Life, for the Party

"Tales of the Don," by Mikhail Sholokhov, *translated by H. C. Stevens (Knopf. 310 pp. $4.50), constituting the spadework for "The Silent Don," records dramatic, wayside incidents of the Civil War among the Don Cossacks. Ivar Spector's "The First Russian Revolution—Its Impact on Asia" will be published in March.*

By IVAR SPECTOR

"IN 'TALES OF THE DON,'" Sholokhov once told the Soviet writer K. Priyma, "I tried to write the truth of life, to write about what disturbed me most, about burning issues of concern to the Party and people. . . . 'Tales of the Don' were a kind of tryout of my pen, a test of literary ability, and therefore they preceded 'The Silent Don.'"

These sixteen tales, most of which are short and only two of which approach fifty pages, were written during the period of Lenin's New Economic Policy (NEP), and they first appeared in the Soviet press and periodicals from 1924-26. The earliest collection of these tales, under the same title, was published in 1926, with an introduction by A. S. Serafimovitch, veteran proletarian writer and Sholokhov's literary godfather. Several editions followed, some under the title "Lazerovaya Steppe," one of the shorter stories in the present collection. The translation of the sixteen tales by H. C. Stevens was made from the latest edition, *"Donskie Rasskazy,"* issued in Moscow in 1958.

In spite of what is, under the circumstances, an excellent rendition into English, there is much in these tales that defies any translation, and which, to be fully appreciated, must be read in the original. To an even greater extent than in "The Silent Don," Sholokhov employs a mixture of Russian, Ukrainian, Tatar, and local Cossack idiomatic terms, which add spice and flavor to the Russian edition. He has preserved this Cossack vernacular, which is fast being superseded by Russian among the new Soviet generation of Don Cossacks.

These tales reflect the colors, sights, sounds, and especially the smells of the

Mikhail Sholokhov—"burning issues."

Cossack village. Instead of automobiles, there are horses; instead of garages, stables; instead of the odor of gasoline, the smell of "horse's sweat" and steaming cowdung. Sholokhov's narrative is vivid and photographic. Describing the birth of a foal amid the din of local hostilities the author wrote in "The Foal":

> He emerged from his mother's womb in broad daylight, his little forelegs stretched out, by a heap of dung thickly plastered with emerald flies. . . . A howling roar flung his little wet body under his mother's legs.

Except for his extensive use of dialect, Sholokhov made no attempt to emulate the extremes of experimental stylistic structure characteristic of many young writers of the Soviet "Roaring Twenties." He belonged to no literary school. He is particularly skilful, however, in developing an atmosphere of suspense; every tale has its climax and its tragedy.

The entire collection reflects the *Klassenkampf* between Cossack converts to the new Soviet regime and the irreconcilable adherents of the old Cossack order, especially the kulaks. In "Dry Rot" he writes, "A kulak is invariably depicted with a waistcoat and high boots with a creak" and often with a red beard. Many of the tales describe the bitter conflict of father against son ("The Birthmark," "Shibalok's Family," "The Food Commissar," "The Watchman in the Vegetable Plots," "A Family Man," and "Dry Rot"), and of brother against brother ("The Diehard" and "Dry Rot").

With the exception of Daddy Pantelei ("The Farm Laborer") and Gavrila Vasilich ("Alien Blood"), the White Cossacks are the villains responsible for a succession of unspeakably cruel and sadistic atrocities, which are at their worst in "The Farm Laborer," "A Mortal Enemy," and "The Azure Steppe." Bolshevik sympathizers, such as Pyotr ("Alien Blood") and Stepan ("Dry Rot") emerge as more humane and altruistic than their White counterparts. An apparent lack of objectivity distinguishes these tales from "The Silent Don," where Sholokhov freely attributed atrocities to both sides —the Whites and the Reds. Even in his later work, however, it was clear that he felt more sympathy for Ilya Bunchuk and Mishka Koshevoy than for Eugene Listnitsky, the Cossack officer.

Sholokhov's tales and other works have created a better appreciation of the Russian Cossacks, who, before the Revolution, were employed by the Czars to break up strikes, suppress liberal movements, and quell uprisings —in brief, to make Russia safe for autocracy and reaction. A Cossack himself, Sholokhov has shown that not all Cossacks were as black as they were painted. He distinguishes between rich and poor, good and evil, educated and illiterate, reactionary and progressive. "Tales of the Don" in more than one sense is a Cossack version of Turgenev's "Memoirs of a Sportsman."

IT IS no exaggeration to say that these tales, together with Sholokhov's major works, "The Silent Don" and "Virgin Soil Upturned," were an important factor in winning over the younger generation of Cossacks to the Soviet regime. These Red Cossacks played a significant role in the defense of the USSR in World War II. Nor was it an accident that a new edition of the Sholokhov tales was published in the Soviet Union in 1958. The vicissitudes of the herdsman, watchman, farm laborer, felter, and other destitute or maltreated Cossacks serve as a reminder of their plight some forty years ago, as compared with their position today.

It is to the credit of the publisher that he has already made available to American readers four volumes of Sholokhov's Don novels, as well as "Tales of the Don."

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Pilgrimage of Sinners

"The Death of Ahasuerus," by Pär Lagerkvist, *translated by Naomi Walford (Random House. 118 pp. $3.75), an allegorical tale of the Wandering Jew, hints at meanings beyond the reach of language. Robert Payne's many books include fiction, nonfiction, and poetry.*

By ROBERT PAYNE

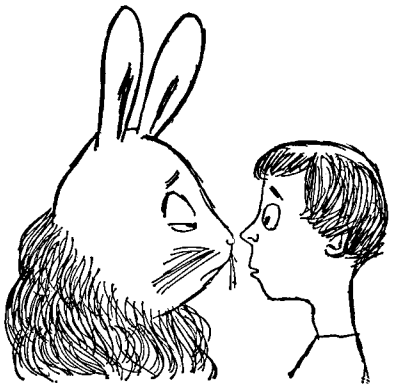
THERE is a special kind of story which is neither of the present nor of the past, but mysteriously timeless, having little to do with our ordinary human preoccupations, and still less to do with Life, Fate, Death, and all the other imponderables of our existence. We recognize these stories by a particular texture, a strange authority. Usually they are brightly lit, full of inexplicable incidents, taking place in a space which we can only barely recognize, in a time beyond our imagination, about people who are beyond the reach of our understanding; yet somehow, by some mysterious power of the author, we read them with the feeling that we are peering into a world we have once known.

Such a story was Franz Kafka's "The Hunter Gracchus," which seems to have been written during a brief period of revelation; Ernst Junger's "The Marble Cliffs" is of the same kind, though the sense of revelation is intermittent; and there are stories by Melville and Hofmannsthal that have this texture. Very often these tales are written during the last months of a man's life, and they sing with a music comparable to Beethoven's posthumous quartets, with a brooding joyfulness. Such works are rare, and those who find them treasure them all their lives.

Pär Lagerkvist's "The Death of Ahasuerus" belongs to this order. It begins: "Into an inn for pilgrims to the Holy Land there came one evening a man who seemed chased by lightning, for when he flung open the door the whole sky blazed up behind him. . . ." We are left in no doubt that we have entered a world where the normal laws of human behavior are held in abeyance. This is no ordinary inn, and no ordinary lightning strikes from the sky. The characters are the Wandering Jew, a decaying prostitute, and a pilgrim called Tobias, who has long ago lost his Angel. None of these characters is in the least commendable. They drift, they talk, they ask questions and never wait for answers. They are tak-

(*Continued on page* 38)

WISHES AND WITCHES: It's a welcome return trip through an ever-ever land of wars and witches, kings and fairies, and magic rings with A. A. Milne's timeless **"Once on a Time"** (New York Graphic Society, $3.95), back in print after an absence of forty years. The wars begin with seven-league-leaping Barodians, arrow-aiming Euralians, and a cruelly insulted pair of royal whiskers; and the kings are off with magic swords drawn. But while the king's away the court will play . . . and plot and parry. A pretty young princess, a conniving, beautiful countess, and a rabbit-headed, lion-tailed prince of Araby skip, glide, and sometimes stumble through all the grand deceits and petty follies of modern mortals, but with a proper dash of wizardry. It's all in a royal day's work. Moral: people, especially as depicted in print by Milne and picture by Susan Perl, can be enchanting.



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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: Joan Williams's novel **"The Morning and the Evening"** recently won the John P. Marquand First Novel Award, and already Dell has it signed up for fall publication at $1.25 in their new Delta series of quality paperbacks. . . . Alan Levy has prepared what is all but a handbook for trapping Nazi fugitives. **"Wanted: Nazi Criminals at Large"** (Berkley, 50¢) gives detailed descriptions, photographs, and possible hiding areas of ten important and still missing war criminals. . . . Bantam's new poetry series has just gotten under way with volumes on Keats and Milton, each complete, neatly organized, and with authoritative critical introductions. Other books on poets and poetry to follow. . . . Those movie-paperback tie-ins used to be a once-in-a-while occasion for Pocket Books. Not any more. Now they're publishing one a month, with Elizabeth Spencer's **"The Light in the Piazza"** (50¢) as February's film-and-fiction.

THEY'RE JUST a bunch of sentimentalists over there at Crest Books, celebrating Lincoln's birthday with a lavish edition of Paul Horgan's **"Citizen of New Salem."** It's a lot of book for 50¢, handsomely illustrated with Douglas Gorsline's moody gouache drawings, which are just right for Horgan's prose-poem of those years 1831-1837 when most of the "Honest Abe" stories took place. It was in New Salem, a little frontier town in Illinois, that Lincoln walked six miles to return a six-penny debt, courted Anne Rutledge, and chopped all those rails. As a matter of fact, Crest editors did a lot of research into Lincolniana, and there is even a photograph of the famed axe, which bears on its well-worn handle the inscription "A. Lincoln New Salem, 1834" . . . New Salem figures again as the setting of Robert E. Sherwood's play **"Abe Lincoln in Illinois"** (Scribners, $1.45). This edition has a Foreword by Carl Sandburg, and the cast at the play's premiere in Washington in 1938 was headed, of course, by Raymond Massey.

THE OFFBEAT book of the month is **"Fares, Please!"** (Dover, $1.50). Quite simply, it's a history of public transportation, which ought to be downright dull but isn't at all. Mostly that's because author John Anderson Miller has come up with such a wild and wide variety of lore, all gently clouded over with nostalgia for those dear, dead days when a trolley ran from Boston to New York. Of course it took twenty hours and $2.40 worth of nickels!

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

Joyce Cary's **"Prisoner of Grace"** (Universal, $1.45) is a vigorous tale, rich with Cary's own particular humor, perceptions, and wit. It's all about the idealistic Jim Latter, that flashing, spell-binding politician Chester Nimmo, and his wife, Nina, who through the years manages to balance her relationship with both men rather neatly.

Another English novel is C. P. Snow's **"The Affair"** (Scribners, $1.65), in which Lewis Eliot, hero of the "Strangers and Brothers" series, finds himself once again back at Cambridge, where he is embroiled in a bitter scandal.

It's good to have Ring Lardner's **"Haircut and Other Stories"** (Scribners, $1.25) in paperback. Along with the memorable title story, this collection includes such fine old favorites as "Alibi Ike" and "I Can't Breathe."

In his most recent novel, **"The Burnt-Out Case"** (Bantam, 60¢), Graham Greene further explores the theme of sin and redemption, this time in an African leper colony.

John O'Hara examines love, marriage, and even sometimes the occasions when both occur, in the three novellas that make up **"Sermons and Soda-Water"** (Bantam, 75¢): "The Girl on the Baggage Truck," "Imagine Kissing Pete," and "We're Friends Again."

LATIN AMERICA

Though anyone who reads the daily newspaper is aware of the vital importance of our relations with our Latin American neighbors, most of us are far more familiar with England's and France's roster of past kings and queens than we are with our own hemisphere's history.

Collier Books numbers among its new releases two works important to an understanding of the background to South American politics. William Spence Robertson's **"Rise of the Spanish-American Republics"** (95¢) explores three decades in the early nineteenth century, when South America was trying to wrest itself from the clutches of Spanish colonialism. The drama of this struggle for liberty is told in terms of such great heroes and liberators as Simón Bolívar, San Martín, and Francisco de Miranda.

Argentinian patriot Domingo Sarmiento wrote **"Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants"** (Hafner, 95¢) in 1845, while he was in exile. He returned to become president of the republic in 1868. It's interesting to note that Colonel Sarmiento, who felt keenly the need for new educational procedures in his country, enjoyed a lengthy friendship with American educator Horace Mann, whose wife, Mary, wrote the appreciative personal recollection of the author included in this edition.

Edwin Lieuwen's **"Arms and Politics in Latin America"** (Praeger, $1.85) pays particular attention to the role of the military in political and social life. A new chapter in this revised edition in-

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cludes recent events in Castro's Cuba.

J. Patrick McHenry's **"A Short History of Mexico"** (Dolphin original, 95¢) covers a lot of ground, from Montezuma through the succession of Spanish rulers, Mexican dictators, revolutionaries, and liberals, to contemporary politics. Crammed with handy information—maps, glossary, chronological tables—it's nonetheless well organized and readable.

"Social Change in Latin America Today" (Vintage, $1.45), a collection of essays by six leading Latin American scholars, was prepared under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations. An important book, this probes the heart of U.S. policy-making, questioning not only what has already happened but going on to make some challenging statements about our future relationships with these countries in a period of critical transition.

SCIENCE

It's all very well to know that "what goes up must come down," but George Gamow's excellent little book **"Gravity"** (Anchor, 95¢) explains why. Another in the Doubleday Anchor Science Study series, this clarifies for the layman one of the mysteries of the universe.

It may not be too long before we know for certain whether or not life does exist on other planets. In the meantime Michael Ovenden's **"Life in the Universe"** (Anchor, 95¢) makes provocative reading. Subtitled "A Scientific Discussion," Dr. Ovenden's book presents the latest clues on the atmosphere, temperature, and physical laws that govern outer space.

Irving Adler's **"Seeing the Earth from Space"** (Signet, 60¢) offers a spaceside view of our globe, based on recent information as reported by the more than two dozen artificial satellites circling through space. **"The Sun and Its Family"** (Signet, 60¢) is another of Mr. Adler's contributions to the new Signet Science Library, and, like the other books in the series, it is clearly written, and well illustrated.

A more basic book on extraterrestrial phenomena is Walter Bartky's **"Highlights of Astronomy"** (Phoenix, $1.95). Though actually a textbook, it is readable enough to please any layman equipped with an amateur's telescope.

Ocean and marine biology is a relatively new aspect of scientific exploration. **"This Great and Wide Sea"** (Harper Torchbooks, $2.25), by R. E. Coker, includes a mass of information about ocean life, sea forms, and possible future discoveries many fathoms down.

LITERARY LIVES

The newest additions to the Evergreen Pilot series, those helpful and handy little biographies of an astonishingly diverse group of writers, are Geoffrey Dutton's **"Whitman,"** Dennis Welland's **"Arthur Miller,"** Anthony Beal's **"D. H. Lawrence,"** and Margaret Davies's **"Colette"** (95¢ apiece). Each book contains a sketch of the author's life and an informative if hasty survey of his literary work.

Richard Aldington's **"D. H. Lawrence"** (Collier, $1.50) purports to be a portrait drawn by a friend rather than an objective biography. Aldington, himself a poet and novelist, was part of the Lawrence circle, and his book is an earnest attempt to get to the heart of Lawrence's brand of genius.

"Cervantes" (Collier, 95¢), an extraordinarily well-written biography by Aubrey F. G. Bell, the distinguished Iberian scholar, is filled not only with the vitality of Don Quixote's creator but with the energetic spirit of sixteenth-century Spain.

It's difficult to imagine that Samuel Johnson, that eminent eighteenth-century writer, raconteur, and *bon vivant,* was ever anything but a portly gentleman well along in years. James L. Clifford has written a colorful account of **"Young Sam Johnson"** (Oxford-Hesperides, $2.25) and his struggling, often wretched early years.

When Sir Harold Nicolson wrote **"Tennyson"** (Anchor, $1.25) in 1923, he was attempting to dust off the Victorian poet's reputation and win new admirers for him. It's certainly a persuasive book, but perhaps less for the intrinsic merit of Tennyson's verse than for Nicolson's own marvelously literate and authoritative prose.

"The Great Unchronicled . . . the totally unimportant . . . and the Great Non-Existent," all the little fellows caught in the confusing maze that is life are the people about whom George Ade wrote his hilarious, touching tales. In "The America of George Ade" (Capricorn, $1.35), Jean Shepherd has collected fables, essays, stories as they appeared at the turn of the century in a Chicago newspaper, illustrated by Ade's longtime friend John McCutcheon.

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The Public and the U.N.

A CURIOUS fiction is taking hold in the nation, especially among legislators and people in the communications field. According to this fiction, the cause of the United Nations has lost ground with the American people, and public support of the U.N. has been seriously diminished.

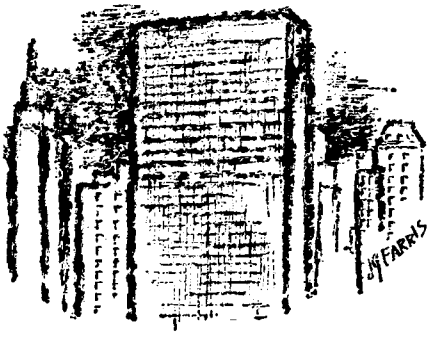
What makes this fiction all the more distressing is that it is giving supporters of the U.N. an increasingly lonesome feeling about their position. They seem to believe that the tide is going the other way. Members of Congress, for example, will privately express pro-U.N. convictions but then add that they can go only so far in the face of increasingly adverse public sentiment. They will point to the large numbers of anti-U.N. newspaper editorials and to hostile letters as representing the grim evidence that the American people are at the point of losing confidence in the U.N. altogether.

It comes as a welcome relief, therefore, to see what happens when legislators make a conscientious effort to find out what the people really think. Several months ago *SR* called attention to a poll by Representative William B. Widnall (Rep.-N.J.) on the subject of the United Nations. He asked about 60,000 of his constituents a number of questions on their feelings about the U.N. and its role as world keeper of the peace.

Fully 84 per cent of his respondents thought the U.N. is our best hope for maintaining world peace, and 81.48 per cent felt world peace can be achieved through a strengthened U.N. In the foreign policy field, 72.50 per cent supported complete world-wide disarmament under effective international control, and 77.50 were for creation of laws on disarmament which would be backed by a world court and by a legally controlled international armed force.

About 77 per cent believed we should delegate to the U.N. constitutionally limited powers to enforce international disputes peacefully. Finally, 72.84 per cent thought the U.S. should take the lead in proposing measures such as the foregoing, even in the face of the Soviet Union's present attitude.

Representative Widnall's poll was of course at striking variance with commonly accepted notions about the public's attitude toward the U.N. As a result, a number of Senators and Congressmen decided to take polls of their own.



The first of these later polls has recently been released by a California Democrat, Representative James Roosevelt; it contains figures even more astounding than those in Representative Widnall's survey. The questionnaires had gone out to 53,400 voters of both parties, and 14 per cent had been returned. Almost 90 per cent of Representative Roosevelt's respondents thought the United States should continue its membership in the U.N., 87.6 thought the U.N. should be strengthened, and 84.8 thought the United Nations offered the best hope of keeping peace in the world. Fully 85 per cent were for total disarmament under conditions of rigid international inspection, 87.2 per cent wanted the inspection administered by a world court backed by an adequate international armed force, and 88.1 per cent thought we should propose such a disarmament program to the U.N. and the world regardless of the USSR's intransigent position.

Earlier this month, the Gallup organization released to the New York *Herald Tribune* a nationwide poll which indicates that the Widnall and Roosevelt reports are quite typical of the American mood. Despite the generally bad press attendant on the U.N.'s Congo operation, the Gallup poll found that 90 per cent of those questioned felt we should not give up membership in the United Nations. One of the interviewees said our withdrawal "would destroy the U.N." and another said such a move would be "just plain stupid." When asked whether they thought it was very important, fairly important, or not so important that we try to make the U.N. a success, 83 per cent affirmed that it was "very important." Finally, 78 per cent of those polled across the nation thought the U.N. was doing a good or fair job.

The trouble with citing percentage figures on the mood of a great nation is, of course, the danger that one will find himself, as Andrew Lang once put it, "using statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts—for support rather than for illumination." But even with this caveat in mind, it is hard to resist the conclusion that these three polls prove grass-roots support of the U.N. is stronger than ever. Indeed, it may well be that the recent period of doubt, debate, and recrimination over U.N. policy has had a healthy effect on us; for it seems to have brought many hitherto apolitical Americans to the conclusion that joint action through the United Nations is the most viable and hopeful alternative open to us.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PENNIES FOR PEACE

THE "PENNIES FOR PEACE" committee has read with interest N.C.'s editorial "Success Costs Less Than Failure" [*SR*, Feb. 10].

We agree that U.N. success costs less than failure. The purpose of our "Pennies for Peace" organization is to educate people to the need for universal peace. Toward this goal we have encouraged women of all the United Nations countries to join us in saving pennies as a symbol of peace. Our pennies will be a protest against any further nuclear bomb testing by any country—and a petition for the United Nations under the direction of U Thant to spend our savings on constructive steps toward universal peace.

A certified check for U Thant, United Nations, will be presented to the U.N. on March 21, 1962, the first day of spring—the universal time of hope. Our official savings account at the First National Bank of Chicago already has thousands of pennies on deposit.

If other SIR followers [see *SR*, Dec. 2] agree that U.N. success is less costly than its failure, we feel sure they will agree with us that pennies are like people—small, but worth saving. We invite all SIR followers to send us a token penny for peace. We want a million pennies from a million people. We invite everybody to join all the families saving pennies for peace. Mail a penny to Pennies for Peace, Inc., Box 1309, Evanston, Illinois.

MRS. RALPH E. DOLKART,
Chairman, Pennies for Peace.
Evanston, Ill.

REPORT FROM THE CONGO

I WANT TO THANK N.C. for his informative "Report from the Congo" [*SR*, Feb. 3]. I feel, for the first time, that I have some idea of what it is all about.

It occurred to me after reading this article that if the U.N. had done nothing else at all in its sixteen years, it would have paid for itself in the Congo. Another Korea, into which the Congo could certainly have developed, would have cost hundreds of billions of dollars—maybe more, since both sides have expressed willingness to use nuclear weapons—plus untold thousands of human lives. The total cost of the U.N. since its inception has been less than three billion dollars, and the Congo operation itself only a few million. In any man's language—and economy-minded conservatives should take note—this is clearly the greatest bargain in the history of the world.

JAMES W. HURSEY.
Thornville, O.

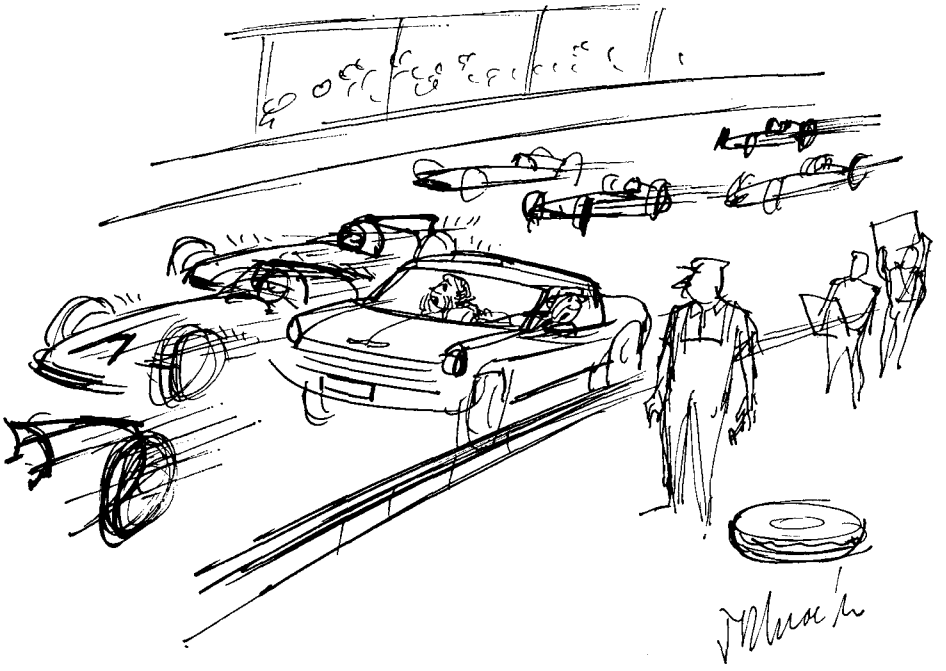
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

CLEVELAND AMORY, in his FIRST OF THE MONTH column [*SR*, Feb. 3], says he suspects that Samuel Eliot Morison does not know *Alice* Hamilton, though he may know Alexander, Lady, and *Edith*.

I fail to understand why Mr. Morison (and considerably more people than "one person in ten thousand," despite Mr. Morison's estimate) should not know Dr. Alice Hamilton, physician, first woman faculty member of Harvard University, author, and pioneer in research on industrial ailments, a career described in her autobiography, "Exploring the Dangerous Trades."

My own "suspicion" is that when Mr. Morison wrote "Alice Hamilton," he meant "Alice Hamilton."

ELISABETH L. SHOEMAKER.
New York, N. Y.



"For God's sake, how do I get back on Route 6?"

THE RISKS OF FREEDOM

THANK YOU FOR printing Barbara Ward's "A Direction for the West" [*SR*, Jan 27]. She has eloquently put her finger on the fear which threatens to stagnate the course of our heritage into shallow ponds of little "freedoms." Freedom without a genuine historical context is a shibboleth as destructive in our mouths as in the Russians'. Because history is still "open-ended," real freedoms involve real risks. All this she has said with clarity.

W. THOMAS APPLEBEE.
Manchester, Iowa

IT IS ALWAYS a delight to read an article by Barbara Ward; the combination of her penetrating mind and beautiful use of English is usually irresistible. However, I was shocked that she simply included "expanding population," with no comment, in a list of problems the modern world must face.

Surely it is time for *SR* to give serious consideration to what may be the number one problem in the world today, i.e., population growth. I suggest that it is the responsibility of a magazine of the stature of *SR* to explore this problem in depth for its readers.

ELIZABETH WHITTALL.
Washington, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See the debate "Too Many People in the World?" in SR's February 17 issue.*

BARBARA WARD declares—rightly, it seems to me—that politics goes corrupt most commonly in municipal government and in local trade unions. But her explanation, apathy, needs broadening.

Local elections go askew and civic government goes corrupt precisely because the voters *do* know the candidates and office holders. They belong to the same Rotary Club and PTA, their youngsters date each other, their wives ring doorbells for the Community Chest together. How can you accuse a friend of corruption? It's not apathy, not that we don't care or don't know—it's that we do care, and we do know those guys too well. We care so much about our wives and kids and jobs that we don't dare run risks against the rascals. It's easier to slay the devil at a distance.

(The Rev.) ROBERT H. HAMILL.
Madison, Wis.

BARBARA WARD'S penetrating article should be read by every American who has ever wondered about "national purpose" or where we are headed. It should also, it seems to me, be read by every member of the John Birch Society; it might do some good.

ARTHUR SAMSON.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Why They Came to Buffalo

IN BUFFALO on January 19 an international art audience of distinguished VIPs listened to Governor Nelson Rockefeller dedicate the new wing of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery. Visitors poured into the city from all over the United States, from as far away as California and Texas, from Canada, and even from Europe and Japan, for this was a notable event. Now, with hanging space doubled, a full survey of the Buffalo museum's impressive art collection could be seen for the first time.

Over the years an extraordinary sequence of modern art, interspersed with fine but infrequent earlier works, has been quietly assembled here. The names of two donors immediately come to mind, for without the knowledge, enthusiasm, courage, and generosity of Seymour H. Knox and A. Conger Goodyear the Buffalo museum would be little more than a representative provincial art gallery. Now, on the contrary, it is a dazzling affirmation of Western art during the last hundred years, a "must" for anyone interested in this field.

One is repeatedly impressed by a pageant of outstanding masterpieces, not merely good examples of a man's work but often *the* definitive climax of an entire career. Rarely have I seen a better painting by Arshile Gorky than the ambiguously titled canvas "The Liver is the Cock's Comb," nor a greater sculpture by Henry Moore than his heroic wood carving, "Internal and External Forms." Where can one find a Motherwell that challenges this somber "Elegy to the Spanish Republic" or paintings by the rarely seen Clyfford Still that more fully express his special brand of reverberating music? And where is there a canvas by de Kooning that better sets the pace for the future than "Gotham News" of 1955? If the future seems to include a host of imitators (some few of whom are unfortunately sprinkled around the walls of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery) this does not mitigate against de Kooning's fine painting or others of similar caliber hanging nearby. The tendency to acquire an example of each young avant-garde artist as he emerges on the New York gallery scene is less disturbing in Buffalo than it would be in a more static institution, for here one senses that re-evaluations are constantly taking place and that a thoughtful weeding-out will eventually follow.

During the past seven years Seymour Knox has given the museum no less than 165 works, almost all of recent date and many of astonishingly high quality. He and his excellent colleague Gordon Smith, director of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery (Mr. Knox has been its president for twenty-four years), have organized a bold and imaginative acquisition program. Working as a team, these two men are willing to make mistakes, to take chances, to lead rather than follow. That works of the past are overshadowed by the scale and scope of modern acquisitions is undeniable, but lack of balance is a danger that often accompanies specialization. During recent years, in return for the same funds, it would have been virtually impossible for Buffalo to have concentrated as successfully on art of the past, what with current prices and the increasing rarity of old masters. This is not to suggest that the museum limit itself to the present; after all, parents are quite as important as children. And it is true that minor examples are still frequently available in many fields, but what makes the Albright-Knox Gallery unique is its insistence on top works. Typical are three superlative paintings by three lesser cubists: a vast composition by the American Morgan Russell (for my money, the best canvas of his I've ever seen), and equally outstanding works by the Frenchmen Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger. At Buffalo, characteristically, all three artists surpass themselves.

—*Ezra Stoller Associates.*

View of Buffalo's Albright-Knox Art Gallery—"a dazzling affirmation of Western art."

When Mr. Knox noted at the dedication that "the glory of a museum is its permanent collection," he was right. And this attitude is not new to Buffalo. Already in 1926 and 1927, A. Conger Goodyear in his capacity as chairman of the trustees' acquisition committee was guiding the gallery with the eyes of a true pioneer, and not always with the full understanding or enthusiastic support of his more conservative fellow trustees. It took courage those days to purchase works by Matisse, Brancusi, and Picasso, to arrange exhibitions by Lachaise, Bourdelle, and Noguchi. Mr. Goodyear not only advised the museum but gave it many of its finest modern European masterworks. Buffalo suffered an irreparable loss when he left for New York, where appropriately he became the first president of the Museum of Modern Art. It is greatly to his credit that few if any mediocre nineteenth- and early twentieth-century paintings are hanging on the Albright's walls, no "charming little" samples to blur our vision or depress our spirits.

Not to be overlooked is the architecture of the new wing, also of the sensitively renovated old building which was originally erected fifty-seven years ago. Without sleek gadgets or banal "modernisms," Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill has designed a modest, flexible, human addition where works of art are not forced to compete with architecture but live sympathetically in their surroundings. James Johnson Sweeney put this aptly when at one of the opening ceremonies he said, "The new building and auditorium speak in the same provoca-

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tive contemporary vocabulary that the collection does—a self-effacing but pioneering addition to the original classic structure." As for the auditorium, it is a triumph, intimate, open, and inviting. Even though the procession of dedication speeches seemed endless and too often empty, one did not feel trapped in this beautiful glass room where a pleasant parklike view neutralized the droning voices of city, county, and state officials. The two museum buildings are unified by an outdoor sculpture patio, again conceived as a human and unpretentious setting for works of art. Henry Moore's "Reclining Figure" and Maillol's famous "Night" never before showed up to better advantage.

For Buffalo's two farsighted art donors and for its series of able museum directors, the way has not always been easy and it must have often seemed lonely. But their work has paid off; the city and the entire state are far richer for their undaunted resolution. All American art museum presidents and trustees would do well to ponder Mr. Knox's statement that "a man can't be president of an art gallery unless he is enthusiastic about art."

—KATHARINE KUH.

In March Don't Miss:

English Drawings and Water Colors at the National Gallery of Art, Washington. A fine loan exhibition of 200 English drawings and water colors, representing seventy-eight artists and emphasizing the years 1750 to 1850, when the British were outstanding in the field of water color.

Fernan Léger's Late Work at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. Five large culminating canvases with about 100 preliminary and related works show what this great French artist was doing during the last eleven years of his life.

Jean Dubuffet at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. The first major museum retrospective exhibition in America of one of France's most interesting living artists. More than 200 works are shown, including paintings, assemblages, drawings, and sculpture from the last twenty years.

Willem de Kooning at the Sidney Janis Gallery, New York. An exhibition of recent paintings from the last three years covers work done in New York, Rome, San Francisco, and Easthampton.

TV AND RADIO

An Interview with James Baldwin

JAMES BALDWIN, the novelist and essayist ("Nobody Knows My Name," "Go Tell It on the Mountain," "Giovanni's Room," and the forthcoming "Another Country"), was interviewed recently by Studs Terkel, on the latter's "Almanac" program over WFMT, Chicago's fine arts radio station. The thirty-eight-year-old Negro author recalled playing two Bessie Smith records over and over again—when he was in Switzerland writing a novel—learning from the blues singer the beat, the cadence of his childhood's Negro speech, which he had buried under "a whole fantastic image of myself which wasn't mine, but white people's image of me." The tone of the blues helped him to finish his book in the mountains where the Swiss people, who had never seen a Negro before, thought he "had been sent by the devil." Listening to the records also helped him to dig down into himself and to decide who he, a black man, is in a white man's world. The text of the hour-long Baldwin-Terkel interview was printed in the December, 1961, issue of *WFMT Perspective*, the new magazine and listener's guide published by this highly successful FM station.

I borrowed a tape of the interview from the station; and I have played it several times for myself and friends. It is an extraordinary aural document, a very moving experience—one that has much to say of great importance to all Negroes and whites in this country, indeed to people of all nations. I cannot help but think how valuable it could be in every primary and secondary school in the United States. The commercial and educational radio broadcasters should do what they can to radiate the penetrating, healing insights of this biographical-confessional revelation as widely as possible. This is a rare event, a Haley's comet lighting up the darkness of racial tensions in the understanding of one man who has suffered, forgiven, and now can express what he thinks and feels not only as a writer of prose but also as somewhat of a poet, a sociologist, and a philosopher. Mr. Terkel, the interviewer, merely touches the right buttons perceptively and sensitively in their dialogue, and out of James Baldwin's intense, often reluctant responses come 300 years of the African's pain and wisdom gained in his American wilderness of the spirit.

The hearer sees, very deeply and with fresh impact, not only into the black man's but also into the white man's inner world. The author speaks of twice viewing "The Defiant Ones," the Hollywood film about a Jim Crow chain gang, with Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis. Downtown in New York the white liberal audience clapped with a sigh of relief when Poitier jumped off the train to rescue Tony Curtis (it meant being captured and returned to the Jim Crow chain gang). "Then I saw it uptown. When Sidney jumped off the train, there was a tremendous roar of *fury* from the [Harlem] audience, with which, I must say, I agreed. They told Sidney to 'Get back on the train, you fool.'" Baldwin speaks of the humiliation of the Negro male in America, in the matriarchal setup of his family, "since, after all, the wife can go out and wash the white ladies' clothes and steal from the kitchen." He warns that "unless the situation is ameliorated, and very, very quickly, there will be violence." Although some of his remarks are still tinged with bitterness, he can say—and evidently mean it: "I'm not mad at this country any more; I am very worried about it."

Baldwin sees hope for the West in the fact that, unlike European colonial powers, "we had our slaves on the mainland. The whites here are not invaders to be driven out by the blacks." We are tremendously involved with each other, and "if we could turn about and face this, we would have a tremendous advantage in the world today."

SO the opinions pour out during the hour—about Puritanism and paganism, about the inadequacies of the education we give our children, about our Cadillacs, refrigerators, IBM machines, and psychiatrists, about the dangers of freedom, the artist as a disturber of the peace, the sense of tragedy, and the need for "the black boy and the white boy to see themselves as they are these present days, these sad and stormy events"—if the people are not to perish.

This is about a radio program that is over and done with. But we still have the words and their sound. I have written about them so that others perhaps might read and listen and think. As James Baldwin says at the end when he talks of the future: "You just have to play it by ear . . . and pray for rain."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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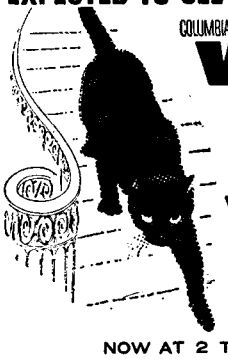

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Venetian Summer of Miss Tina

A NOVEL sometimes employs a technique whereby — as sometimes happens in life—we only discover what it is all about as we approach its end. Can this same technique be used with equal success on the stage? Probably not, but Sir Michael Redgrave's adaptation of Henry James's **"The Aspern Papers"** attempts it, and according to the London reports achieved a fair measure of success when it was produced there two years ago.

With a different cast, the Broadway production emerges as a painfully slow melodrama that suddenly shifts into something much better in its final scene. Director Margaret Webster has permitted the proceedings to start as an out-and-out quest as we meet Henry Jarvis, the American publisher who has come to Venice to obtain a trunkful of papers left by a deceased poet with his now aged sweetheart, Miss Bordereau. As played by a dapper Maurice Evans, Mr. Jarvis immediately impresses us as a canny opportunist whose desire to obtain this literary treasure is entirely motivated by its projected effect on his own career. When he meets Miss Tina, the middle-aged niece of Miss Bordereau, we sense her need to escape the seclusion of caring for her invalided and impoverished aunt. Wendy Hiller, who plays the role, is all timidity as she seems to ask for nothing more than the flowers Mr. Jarvis promises to plant in their dried-up garden. If there is some rapport between Mr. Jarvis and Miss Tina at their first meeing, the performances do not suggest it. Each appears to regard the other as a possible means to an end unrelated to any romantic aspiration. And thus it continues as we meet Miss Bordereau, who, as portrayed tartly by Francoise Rosay, also seems interested in Mr. Jarvis only as a source—in this case, of a high rental for their empty upstairs rooms. The high point of the first act is Miss Tina's shocked terror when she learns that Mr. Jarvis is interested in obtaining the Aspern papers.

In the second act we watch Miss Bordereau try to make a match between Mr. Jarvis and her niece, despite the evident fact that she loathes and mistrusts the man. But this appears to be a side issue to that of obtaining the papers. It is quite clear that Jarvis's rascally manservant could steal them, but Jarvis is not quite willing to face himself as *that* unethical. There is obviously a whole rich area of subtle conflict between his desire to live up to the code of gentlemanly behavior and his feverish obsession for the papers. Yet Mr. Evans's sharpness as an actor, which makes him ideal for many roles, here serves his characterization less well. The Jarvis he gives us would not have hesitated for an instant. Furthermore, his Jarvis never, either intentionally or unintentionally, encourages Miss Tina in any romantic direction. Thus it is that Miss Hiller must play the emotion of the final scene against a businessman rather than against another sort of unsuccessful romantic. Her final anguished attempt to trade the papers for marriage, and her eventual journey back from the depths of humiliation to a pride in herself more durable and honest than fashionable existence and false relationships is magnificent theatre and makes us aware of the play we may have missed in the inexplicably drawn-out earlier scenes.

Ben Edwards's glorious setting of the run-down Venetian house also has a richness of texture which suggests the relative unimportance of the surface of life vis-à-vis the unstated, ununderstood human interrelationships which are eternal. "They say it is a great thing to be alive," says Miss Bordereau. "That depends upon what you compare it with," replies Jarvis. This is the kind of consideration that brings "The Aspern Papers" alive, but unfortunately that aliveness seems insufficently sustained to stand a great deal of comparison.

SOL HUROK has brought the Old Vic Company to City Center, and their first offering, **"Macbeth,"** affords us an opportunity to see the kind of pictorially stylish production the English seem to appreciate more than we do. John Clements and Barbara Jefford portray the tragic couple as if they were consciously fulfilling the vision of some eighteenth-century lithograph, and the play is full of eerie processions and bloodstained hands and faces. Vocally the production is monotonous; actors tend to speak each line reflectively, suiting the word to the image rather than to the action. And Mr. Clements chooses to pluck the "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" speech into a pile of chicken feathers. It is one of director Michael Benthall's most distinguished productions, a thing of light and beauty, signifying nothing. —HENRY HEWES.

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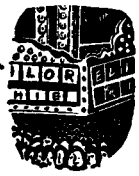

Later Than You Think

"I HAVE not done a re-make of 'The Children's Hour,'" William Wyler declared recently. "This time, I have actually filmed Lillian Hellman's play, which we were not able to do twenty-five years ago." In 1936, when Samuel Goldwyn had purchased the rights, and Wyler turned the play into a movie called "These Three," not only was there no reference to lesbianism, but Goldwyn was specifically enjoined by the Hays Office from even indicating the source of his picture. "Audiences of today have matured," Wyler concluded. "Today we can handle such material quite openly, if we do it with honesty and good taste."

Honesty and good taste are abundantly present in this new version of **"The Children's Hour."** Although the specific nature of the charges against the two headmistresses of the Wright-Dobie school is concealed by whispers and by conversations glimpsed at a distance through doorways, Shirley MacLaine's passionate declaration to Audrey Hepburn that they might all be true leaves little room for ambiguity. But the startling thing is less what is said than the fact that, once said, it carries so little impact. What was considered too daring for 1936 is almost too tame for 1962."

Indeed, although set in the present, the entire film seems curiously dated, as if all the characters had been strangely insulated against any knowledge of modern psychology. Granted that a doting grandmother might believe the scandalous accusations of a ten-year-old without scruple or hesitation, but one might expect the child's teachers to have some awareness of her mendacious tendencies. One longs to see the trial for defamation of character, described at some length in the dialogue. Did no one there suspect the child was lying? Was she able to brazen her falsehoods through examinations and cross-examinations? Did the entire town, hitherto warm and friendly, turn against the two teachers simply on the word of an obviously neurotic little girl? By failing to anticipate these questions, the script strains the credulity of today's viewer, and seriously weakens the film itself.

On the other hand, in terms of sheer moviemaking, William Wyler again proves himself the master of the cinematized stage play. Whether his camera is still or roving, it invariably matches the pace and tension of the scene being played before it. The precision of his shot-to-shot relationships is unexcelled by any other director. When he shows us a face at a window, for example, the reverse angle could have been photographed from no other position. He is still inventive in the creation of cinematic effects, as in the sense of panic he evokes with a rapid series of shots of Audrey Hepburn racing across a lawn to the locked room of Shirley MacLaine. Always a perfectionist, he obtains top performances from every one of his principals (although, in the interest of verisimilitude, Hepburn and MacLaine might well have switched roles). The hitch is that all this technique has been lavished on a story at once slender and remote. Not that Miss Hellman's theme, the power of a lie to destroy, has lost any of its significance. It simply needs new dramatic machinery to put it across today.

THE makers of **"Black Tights,"** starring Jeanmaire and Roland Petit, would have us regard their presentation as a big musical, rather than a dance film; but since, apart from some overdeterminedly charming introductions by Maurice Chevalier, it is composed entirely of four ballets, the facts might as well be faced. Petit's several visits here with his Ballets de Paris have clearly indicated both his virtues and his weaknesses as a choreographer—wonderful verve, an appetite for the chic, an electrifying precision in his dancers, a touch of wit, a lack of warmth. All are apparent in the ballets assembled for the film, and vividly captured by the wide-screen color cameras. Strongest remains Petit's adaptation of "Carmen," with its masterful *pas de deux* in the bedroom and outside the bullring; weakest is a gloss of "Cyrano de Bergerac" that is long on story and almost devoid of dance (and denies beautiful Moira Shearer the chance to be anything more than decoration). Most typical—and most fun—is "La Croqueuse de Diamants," an apache romp made sparkling by Jeanmaire's sheer exuberance and superb technique. Best of all, Terence Young's direction suggests how well ballet—at least the narrative ballets of Roland Petit—can be adapted to the screen. "Black Tights" is a big, stylish show, and a welcome experiment in a field neglected since Gene Kelly's ill-fated "Invitation to the Dance." —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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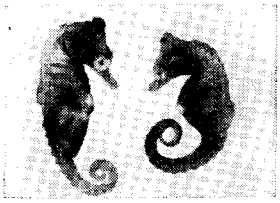

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Fiction

Continued from page 29

ing part in a pilgrimage, or they are not—no one is quite sure. They find a dead woman bearing the marks of the stigmata and a nobleman with his throat cut, lying in his wrecked carriage at the bottom of a gulley. Tobias kills his dog in a fit of fury. A mysterious arrow, aimed at Tobias, is intercepted by the aged harlot, who falls dying at his feet. Everything that happens, even the death of the Wandering Jew is senseless, beyond understanding, and yet absolutely convincing.

We watch fascinated while events of no consequence unfold, until quite suddenly, as though a process of crystallization were at work, we come to realize the truth of these adventures and their appalling significance. We are all pilgrims, decayed prostitutes, Wandering Jews. We have all seen the dead woman with the stigmata, and we have all kicked dogs to death, and we have all watched the arrow winging across the empty spaces. But this is only a small part of what the author is saying. What he is saying is something almost beyond speech, something so tentative that it can only be implied. "No marksman was to be seen, nothing moved either here or on the opposite side; indeed nothing had moved at any time. An arrow had flown: that was all. That was the strange thing. Where from? From whom?"

So, very brilliantly and very quietly, Pär Lagerkvist asks his casual questions which are also answers, and tells in an impeccably restrained prose a story that is at once wholly incredible and only too credible. You will not easily forget Diana, Tobias, and Ahasuerus, and even when you have forgotten them they will remain.

Pär Lagerkvist should be proud of his translator, Naomi Walford, who has somehow contrived to make the reader feel the book must originally have been written in English, and of his illustrator, Emil Antonucci, who has caught in his drawings the eerie and legendary qualities of the story.

A Miss and a Snoring Wife

"Turn of the Wheel," by Roger Vailland, *translated by Peter Wiles (Knopf. 179 pp. $3.50), affords another glimpse into the French novelist's private world where men are men and women are untamed animals. Otis Fellows edited "Tournants Dangereux," an anthology of stories by Georges Simenon.*

By OTIS FELLOWS

IT WAS André Maurois, I believe, who once held the Middle Ages responsible for the invention of two of the greatest evils of modern times: gunpowder and romantic love. Though there is every indication that Roger Vailland can take gunpowder in stride, his acceptance of romantic or sentimental love is quite another matter. And that is perhaps as it should be for a writer who prides himself on being the spiritual heir of Laclos, Sade, and Stendhal in the ways of love.

"Turn of the Wheel," written in 1948, is one of Vailland's earlier novels. Except for that fact, it could be striking evidence that the author is up to his old tricks again, those that in "The Law" and "Fête" have more recently filled readers—depending upon the temperament involved—with curiosity, pleasure, or dismay. For M. Vailland is a literary "tough" whose heroes are lean and sinewy both physically and morally. They are heavy and imperturbable drinkers, daringly skilfull behind the wheel of a fast car, and close to the earth, whether tending to growing things or slaughtering creatures of the woods and fields. Women, too, like the uncultivated plant or untamed animal, are wildlings. But through knowing persistence they can be brought to terms, for they are, to the deserving man, primarily instruments of pleasure, to be taken with ease and discarded with aplomb; they will have had, however, an enriching experience for which they may or may not be eternally grateful.

The fictional world of Roger Vailland is indeed a man's world—provided that the man is virile and articulate, in his forties, anti-bourgeois, and, by certain standards that remain ill-defined to the reader, of superior intelligence.

Milan is one of these. "Turn of the Wheel" opens with the alarm going off, the forty-year-old husband staring at his snoring wife and, before awakening her, studying the pouches under her eyes as well as the bitter twist of her mouth. Married some twenty years, Roberte and Milan have recently come down from Paris for a prolonged stay in the country. Now in the pale dawn they breakfast on cigarettes and a few fingers of alcohol, before setting out with decidedly mixed emotions for a morning of hunting. Even more mixed are the emotions of Hélène, the pretty assistant schoolmistress, as she becomes increasingly intimate with the wise and worldly couple. She has so much to learn, this young woman who hitherto had merely dabbled in the ways of Eros with her staid and fumbling fiancé.

All this is told deftly and with a neat economy of words that reveals not only the artist in Vailland but also his years of discipline as a highly regarded journalist. It is often excellent reading. Its defects are those of his other novels: the transitions are poor and the flashbacks contrived; the protagonist is invariably trite and pretentious in his allusions to France's philosophical and literary past. Then, too, there is the author's compulsion to preach and to offer gratuitous little essays on a wide variety of subjects. In the present book readers will doubtless find the most interesting of these Milan's terminal letter to Hélène on *amour-passion*.

The verdict is self-evident. Those who have enjoyed Vailland's other novels in translation will read "Turn of the Wheel" with relish; those who have not will find it reasonably detestable.

OF GOURMANDISE AND GOUT: Tempting as it is to sing in culinary metaphors the praises of **"The Passionate Epicure,"** by Marcel Rouff (Dutton, $4.50), I shall abstain. The publishers have beat me to it on the jacket flap. But let me, without benefit of image, vouch for what they say in witty formulae: this little book should indeed prove a delight for all *bons vivants*, whether they actually indulge themselves in the good things of life or—perhaps a more delicate joy—savor them in imagination, like the lonely diner at his kitchen table reading recipes for pheasant pâtés while munching on a hamburger. Take this book into the kitchen, then, or anywhere else, for there is no room in the house that its French gaiety will not delicately complement or make you forget.

The mood is already struck by Lawrence Durrell in his Introduction when, after properly commending the translator, Claude, for bringing to light this long-forgotten work by the table companion of Curnonsky and collaborator on *"La France Gastronomique,"* he gets off a couple of Brillat-Savarin anecdotes as good as can be found.

The work itself, pleasantly illustrated

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by line-drawings, is a series of anecdotes about one Dodin-Bouffant, who resembles the celebrated author of "*La Physiologie du Goût*" in corpulence, florid oratory, and devotion to *la haute cuisine*. A retired country magistrate before whose table crowned heads are humbled, Dodin-Bouffant knows, in the autumnal years, adversity and felicity in proportion to his girth. He plays the hero's role in tragic episodes of irreplaceable cooks who suddenly die or give notice; in pathetic scenes of diet and denial after twinges in his great toe; in passionate adventures where, white-whiskered gallant

—From the book.

that he is, temptations other than those of the palate try his mettle; in farcical encounters with barbarian tastes during an excursion to Baden-Baden. The *peripeteiai* of this life devoted to *gourmandise* are interspersed (I almost said larded) with descriptions of sublime repasts. The eloquence with which all is related bursts out at the finale in a paean to France, her civilization, and her cookery. In the calm that follows, one may peruse a glossary of dishes, sauces, and garnishes that the translator has thoughtfully appended to the text. —LAURENT LESAGE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 969

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 969 will be found in the next issue.

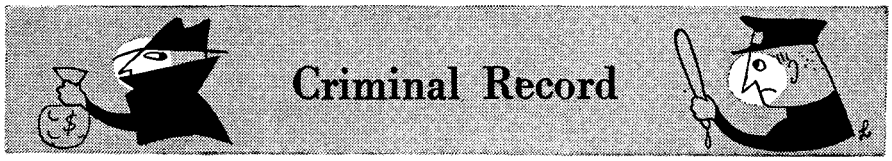
HPOC TFPTRF FEKPB CDF XEQFGXPGXCB PQ CDFXG MFOC QGXFESO.

ADFOCFGQXFRS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 968

It was one of those parties where you cough twice before you speak and then decide not to say it after all.

—P. G. WODEHOUSE.



THE ANNALS OF MURDER. *By Thomas M. McDade. University of Oklahoma Press.* $15. This fine bibliography of 1,126 books and pamphlets on U.S. homicides from Colonial days to 1900 will be invaluable for libraries, private collectors, and plain crime fans; brief accounts of many cases are given; compiler is a *magna cum laude* FBI graduate.

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF CYRIL HARE. *Edited by Michael Gilbert. Walker.* $3.50. These thirty tales by the English jurist and barrister whose real name was Gordon Clark (1900-1958), and who also wrote eight memorable full-length mysteries, are surpassing examples of a controlled and vivid technique.

SABA'S TREASURE. *By Donald McNutt Douglass. Harper.* $3.50. Captain Manchenil of Caribbean island police and his aide (who tells story) have lively time running down killer but manage to get in some neat dialogue doing it. Author's third job is well up to high standard set by its predecessors.

THE DOOMSDAY BOOK. *By J. MacLaren-Ross. Obolensky.* $3.50. British wireless commentator, seeking manuscript of missing novel by great European writer, crashes regular hornets' nest that releases swarm of death. Holds together nicely despite outsize cast.

LADY, LADY, I DID IT! *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Massacre in bookshop (four die) gives detectives of 87th Precinct huge investigative job, which they carry out with their accustomed competence. Excellent action.

I WAS MURDERED. *G. M. Wilson. Walker.* $2.95. Shore cottage develops heavy population as English crime novelist finds herself in middle of murder mystery. Jolly and speedy if you don't mind a touch of spookiness.

THE CASE OF THE RELUCTANT MODEL. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $2.95. Authenticity of Gauguinesque painting is bone of contention here until murder puts the accent elsewhere and Perry Mason and Paul Drake hit the trail. The old prescription is still good for what ails you.

TRIPLE JEOPARDY. *By Philip MacDonald. Crime Club.* $4.50. Trio of long tales ("Escape," "Warrant for X," "The Polferry Riddle") originally published 1931-1938, make up this fine auld-lang-syne omnibus.

THE MARBLE JUNGLE. *By Clay Richards. Obolensky.* $3.50. Postal Inspector Grant Kirby journeys from New York to Philadelphia to St. Louis to New Orleans to nail mail robber who also faces murder rap (date 1882). Lively, and fine Americana.

THE SPOILT KILL. *By Mary Kelly. British Book Centre.* $3.25. Discovery of corpse in clay tank in Staffordshire pottery (remember "The Old Wives' Tale"?) lends fillip to investigation of pattern thefts which engage attention of unusual private eye. Striking and superior production.

PASSAGE TO DANGER. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3.50. Missing pesos and murder bedevil New Yorkers bent on cruise in Florida waters. Will appeal particularly to armchair mariners.

THE LATE MRS. D. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $2.95. Chief Fred C. Fellows of Stockford (Conn.) police thinks through another good murder case, this one involving a doctor's wife and a hefty insurance policy.

BACK TO LIFE. *By Jonathan Wade. Pantheon.* $3.50. Crimeless mystery tale involves London banker who thinks he sees wife, credibly reported killed in Near East plane crash eighteen months earlier. Good suspense build-up.

DEATH FOR AULD LANG SYNE. *By Jack Sharkey. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. George H. Henry, New York shamus who doubles as composer-lyricist, braves New Year's blizzard to help old college pal; two perish anyway. Sprightly. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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They All Became Barons

"The Rothschilds," by Frederic Morton *(Atheneum. 298 pp. $5.95), portrays a family whose power and wealth are legendary. John Tebbel has written several studies of American fortunes, the most recent of which is "The Inheritors."*

By JOHN TEBBEL

TO HIS full-length portrait of the incredible Rothschild family, the first in more than twenty years, Frederic Morton has brought the insights of a novelist and the special skills of a magazine writer. The result is a group biography which may lack the substance to please serious readers, but which is so vivid, witty, and perceptive that it is certain to satisfy everyone else.

In his Preface, Mr. Morton remarks accurately that it would take a team of scholars years to dredge from the archives the information required to chronicle the affairs of the House of Rothschild in all their technical detail. Only a writer who happened to be a historian and a financial expert as well could hope to produce anything approaching a definitive biography. As the author of four excellent novels, Mr. Morton quite naturally chooses to write about the "human" side of the Rothschild story, seeking to make the myth become reality in flesh-and-blood terms. By employing the style that distinguishes his work in *Holiday* magazine, in whose pages some of the material appeared in another form, he has succeeded admirably.

What a story it is! A fellow toiler in the same vineyard, like this reviewer, can only regard it with admiration and some envy. For there is no American story to match it, just as the Rothschild wealth and world position make our richest families appear like poor relations. It is, in brief, the story of how an obscure resident of Jew Street in Frankfurt, Mayer Rothschild, rose from the absolute bottom of the ladder through the five sons he fathered to become, with them, the richest and most powerful family in the world, whose banking houses in Paris and London quite literally held the economic balance of power among the Western nations. The only American parallel is the building of the Guggenheim fortune through the collective efforts of Meyer Guggenheim and his seven sons.

—*From the book.*

Baron Elie de Rothschild with the late Aly Khan—"heads of state were merely clients."

But the Rothschilds far surpassed the Guggenheims and every other family, with or without sons. As international bankers, to whom heads of states were merely clients, the clan amassed during the nineteenth century a collective fortune estimated at well over six billion dollars—twice as much as the Rockefeller, Ford, and Mellon fortunes put together. But it was more than staggering wealth that made the Rothschilds the Rothschild Family. As Mr. Morton notes, they "walked in the sober and unshakable belief that the divine right of kings had been overthrown by the divine right of money."

They still believe it today, says their chronicler, and it is easy to think they are right. The captains and the kings have departed, governments have risen and fallen, but the Rothschilds remain —secure, rich and powerful, indestructible. Mr. Morton deals more than adequately with these latter-day Rothschilds, and they are fascinating, but it is the tale of how Mayer and his five sons did it that will probably prove more absorbing for most readers.

Only one question is unanswered, because it is unanswerable, yet it forever haunts students of the rich and fabulous. There were thousands of other ambitious fathers with talented sons in nineteenth-century Europe, as there were in growing, expanding America. Many of them started out along the same road as the Rothschilds and the Guggenheims. Why did these fathers and sons succeed where the others failed? Sheer talent? Extraordinary intelligence? Utter devotion to money? All these, perhaps, but, in addition, another, elusive quality that defies rational analysis.

Among Mr. Morton's other achievements in the course of making the Rothschild legend come alive in the most human terms is a fold-out genealogical table which must certainly be one of the more complicated on record. There are thirty-eight excellent illustrations, well placed in a well-designed book. A short but useful bibliography and an adequate index complete a novelist's first venture into the nonfiction lists; it should win him further admirers.

The Trophy

By David Wagoner

THE size of a thumb and the size of a foot,
Two stories high over the street,
A swallow struck a pigeon straight,
Looped, and sent it down into panic
From pole to roof-ledge, scissoring
Inches and coverts from the tail,
Up and around a wire, and vanished,
While the pigeon staggered to a sill;
But moments later, skimming back,
The swallow in its afterthought
Serenely over the coughing traffic
Sailed a descending figure-eight
With one small feather in its beak,
Dropped it to flutter slowly down,
Banked, caught it casually, and ate it.

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The Last Time He Saw Paris

"Life Among the Surrealists," by Matthew Josephson *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 391 pp. $6), tells of the merry Twenties when genius was fermenting in Paris. Saturday Review's syndicated critic W. G. Rogers also frequented both banks of the luminous city at that time.*

By W. G. ROGERS

"THE CAFES at the corner of the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail are thick with Americans," Matthew Josephson wrote from Paris in 1921 to a New York friend.

Every single one of those Americans, unless to be sure he lost his right arm, must by now have written his autobiography, his memoir, his "The Last Time I Saw Paris" about the geniuses he knew, his mistresses and theirs, their "little magazines" and who founded and edited them and footed the bills, and the drinks he consumed while the pile of saucers mounted shockingly on the terrace table.

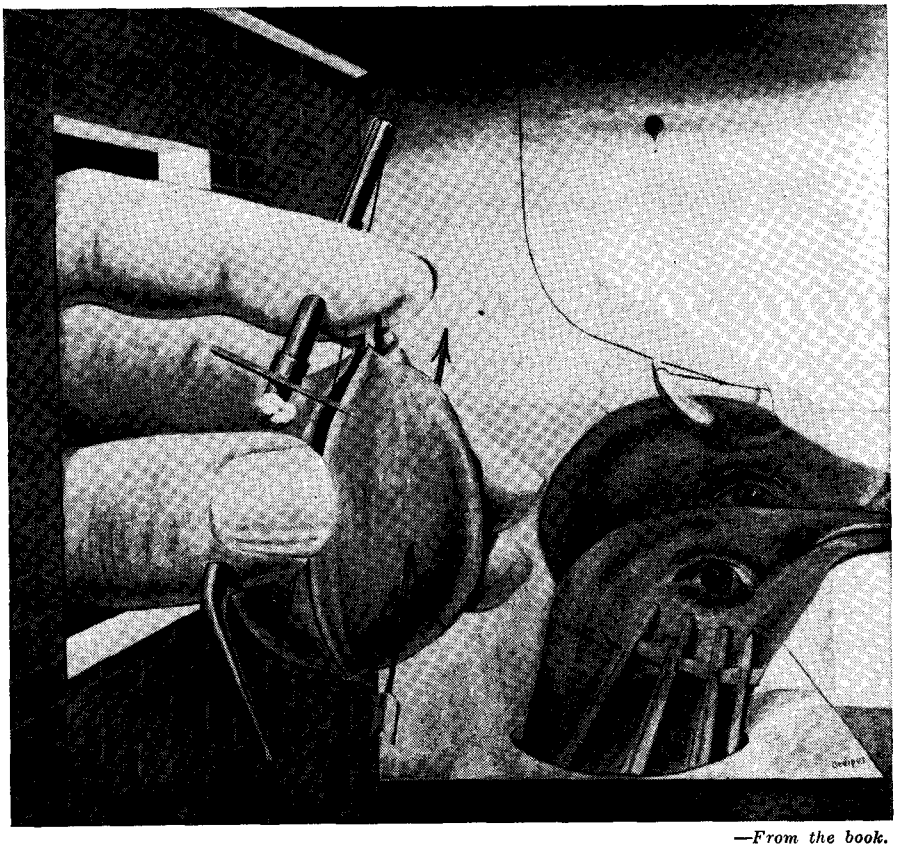
Bravig Imbs, Samuel Putnam, Malcolm Cowley, Harold Stearns, Harold Loeb, Gertrude and Leo Stein, David Edstrom, Caresse Crosby—the list of informers about the magic of that old Paris is endless. The French, too, produced their versions, whether it was Fernande Olivier recalling her handsome young lover Picasso in "*Picasso et ses Amis*" or the bosomy Kiki in "The Education of a Model." Ernest Hemingway, by the way, provided the Foreword for Kiki, a woman of such luscious parts that Alexander Calder made a pioneering stabile out of one of them: her nose.

The best single volume from that glamorous creative capital was, and is, Gertrude Stein's "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas." (Incidentally, Mr. Josephson, Stein's eyes were brown, not blue.) Her book was filled with misstatements, Josephson charges; the same complaint was made, but very sourly, by Eugene and Maria Jolas, of the magazine *transition*, and by Matisse and others. It didn't have so many mistakes as that and, anyway, it had something more important than facts; it had the tart, yeasty spirit of that unforgettable place and time.

But while the Stein remains my favorite, I like most of the others, too, for it was hard to write a dull book about that lively spot. So Josephson joins a company at once distinguished, informative, and entertaining, and by his record clearly belongs with it. He was in on the ground floor of *Secession*, was *Broom* editor, and served on the *transition* advisory board. He tells us how writers found editors and editors found writers and how it all seethed, flared up, blew up and, ultimately, worked, providing writers with the only thing writers have ever really wanted: the chance to get into print.

JOSEPHSON had a wide acquaintanceship: William Carlos Williams, Gorham Munson, Hart Crane, Djuna Barnes, Berenice Abbott, Kenneth Burke, Virgil Thomson, Robert Coates, and, for the French contingent, the chief Dadaists and Surrealists. He interviewed them, frequented them, agreed with them, contradicted them, whether on Paris's Left Bank or New York's Left-Bank Greenwich Village. They were his friends, his enemies. He broke with André Breton when he decided he must be more involved in life than the principles of Dada and Surrealism permitted. Josephson was not one to pull his punches; indeed he threw some: he hunted up Munson to settle old scores with his fists, he brought back wounds and scars inflicted in Paris brawls, and in Chicago he socked a city official.

BORN in Brooklyn, he came of a family that wanted him in business. He tried but couldn't take it. Yet, putting aside his biographies of Zola, Hugo, and Stendhal, he edged into the field after all with his well-known "The Robber Barons," and with books on Sidney Hillman and, only year before last, Edison. A certain solemnity about his writing jibes better, perhaps, with Menlo Park and CIO than with wining, wenching, and writing, and once in a while he sort of goes Brooklyn on you. But there is no real lack of geniality in this book, which is not so much an evocation as a totting-up, a credit sheet. Paris could be Surrealist and crackpot but it had a job to do and did it. Earnest and authoritative, Josephson testifies to that merry fermenting time and place and to the historic achievement.



—From the book.

"Oedipus Rex," by Max Ernst—"Paris could be Surrealist and crackpot, but it had a job to do and did it."

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Man or Mouse?

"Bertrand Barère: A Reluctant Terrorist," by Leo Gershoy *(Princeton University Press. 459 pp. $8.50), reassesses a French Revolutionary leader who sought favor with the empire and the restored monarchy. Leon S. Roudiez is associate professor of French at Columbia University.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

AN ABLE young provincial lawyer, Bertrand Barère de Vieuzac, was in his early thirties when the French Revolution broke out and he was sent to Paris as a deputy to the Estates General. For a time his own prestige increased as the Revolution gained momentum; a member of three of its assemblies, he became presiding officer of the Convention and, in 1793, was elected to the now famous Committee of Public Safety. With the downfall of Robespierre, however, the tide began to turn against him; the remainder of his long life was taken up first by a successful though inglorious struggle for mere survival, and then by unsuccessful efforts to ingratiate himself with Napoleon and with Louis XVIII. An exile in Belgium for many years, he returned to France after the revolution of 1830, and died quietly in 1841 in his native Pyrenees.

Inevitably, his years of grace having been shorter than those of disgrace, Barère's reputation has been much tarnished by the writings of his contemporaries and most nineteenth-century historians. In this scholarly and eminently readable volume, Leo Gershoy has attempted both a definitive biography and a rehabilitation—and for such a task few people are better qualified. Professor Gershoy has undoubtedly gone to all the existing sources; but, interestingly enough, he comes up not so much with a different picture or a different set of facts pertaining to Barère as with a new lighting and a new understanding. He has added what he himself has ascribed to one historian of the French Revolution: the "warmth of human charity."

Even for the layman who has only a general acquaintance with French history, reading about the tribulations of this "reluctant terrorist" should prove fascinating, less on account of Barère himself than for his significance as a type. Here was an intelligent though not intellectual man, highly capable in his profession, who could have been an excellent public servant and perhaps even a creditable minister in untroubled times. But he had absolutely no business getting involved in a major revolution—no more business than the great majority of men would have. He loved life, was both sensible and sensitive, could detect the merits of opposing points of view, recognized the value of political expediency, enjoyed the gift of hindsight, and had little backbone. As we follow him through his life, we understand better why so many reasonably honest and intelligent men behaved as they did in times of great upheaval—1917 in Russia, 1933 in Germany, 1940 in France, to mention but three recent instances. Very few men, faced with similar situations, could have mustered enough character to behave differently.

De Gaulle once wrote that men such as Churchill were not fit for mediocre times; conversely, most men are unfit for heroic times. All things considered, Barère was not as mediocre as most of those who ganged up on Robespierre and Saint-Just or later curried favor with Bonaparte. If more people were like Barère, there would certainly be fewer wars and revolutions. On the other hand, such men seldom initiate anything; and while a race of Barères might well perpetuate peace of a sort, it would also unwittingly perpetuate abuse and injustice.

UNLOVED STATESMAN: Neither saint nor ogre, Edwin McMasters Stanton was alternately vilified and praised in his own time. "The unloved Secretary of War" was newspaperman Sylvanus Cadwallader's characterization of him; and General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, his adviser in the War Department, wrote early in the Civil War: "My chief is narrow-minded, full of prejudices, exceedingly violent, reckless of the rights of others, often acting like a wild man in the dark, throwing his arms around, willing to hit anybody, so he hits somebody, and makes a big stir. . . . He is coarse in his use of language, and his dislikes are mere prejudices—not founded upon any proper knowledge of character . . ."

On the other hand, President Lincoln once described Stanton as "utterly misjudged," and commented, "The man's public character is a public mistake." John Hay wrote to Stanton shortly after Lincoln's death: "Not every one knows, as I do, how close you stood to [Lincoln], how he loved you and trusted you, and how vain were all the efforts to shake that trust and confidence, not lightly given & never withdrawn. All this will be [known] sometime, of course, to his honor and yours."

All this is now made known in **"Stanton: The Life and Times of Lincoln's Secretary of War,"** by Benjamin P. Thomas and Harold M. Hyman (Knopf, $8.50). The book makes Stanton sometimes good, sometimes bad, always human. Though it is concerned primarily with his wartime career, it treats fully and fairly his amazing rise to fame as a lawyer and his life as a private citizen, husband, and father.

Thomas left this book unfinished at his untimely death in 1956. It is Mr. Hyman's singular achievement, both as an historian and as a writer, to have been able to pick up the work of another and complete it so that it seems all of one piece. "Stanton" compares favorably with Thomas's "Lincoln."

—RICHARD HARWELL.

RED-SHIRTED GUERRILLA: General Giuseppe Garibaldi was born in France, died in Italy, and at various times claimed American and British nationality. He was apprenticed to the art of warfare in Brazil and Uruguay. From South America he brought back to Europe a highly novel technique of guerrilla fighting that made him one of the most redoubtable generals of the nineteenth century. His most famous exploit was in 1860, when, with only 1,000 ill-armed volunteers and two paddle steamers, he conquered Naples and Sicily, defeating a powerful navy and an army of 100,000 regular soldiers.

A nationalist hero, Garibaldi became a legend in his own lifetime. Not only did he do more to make Italy a united nation than any other man except possibly Cavour, but he also fought for France against Bismarkian Germany, and Lincoln even tried to secure his services as a general in the American Civil War. Equally at home on land or sea, ever ready to fight against oppression and injustice wherever he found it, Garibaldi dignified the causes he served by his unselfishness, idealism, and honesty. Perhaps in his day his name was better known than that of any other man alive. Romantic, simple hearted, not an intellectual, he made himself from the humblest origins into one of the great men of his time. His colorful, eccentric clothes were matched by a no less colorful and eccentric private life, and his panache and flair for the *beau geste* make him a wonderful subject for biography.

Unfortunately, **"Garibaldi: The Man and the Legend,"** by Peter de Polnay (Nelson, $4), is not satisfactory. Mr. de Polnay gives a clear picture of this warm-hearted soldier, and his narrative has pace. But his style is irritatingly imprecise, and an astonishing number of factual errors show that he is not fully master of his subject. His gifts are evidently those of the novelist rather than of the biographer, and very little effort has been made to sort out the many contradictory sources to make an accurate story. —DENIS MACK SMITH.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Midwinter Night's Dream

PERHAPS it was the result of the recent exposure, in the New York City Center, to a balletic version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by George Balanchine after Shakespeare and Mendelssohn that induced the illusion. Certainly it wasn't the coincidence of "Orpheus" and Morpheus, for the season's promised recurrence of Gluck's opera has yet to occur. But there was a distinct sensation of fantasy in the air one long night recently, of happenings as inexplicable as those which occurred, much longer ago, "in a wood near Athens."

How did I know it was a dream, and not reality? For one thing, it was a cold winter's night, and Leonard Bernstein was conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Not in Japan, on TV courtesy of a tape made in cherry blossom time where it's almost always cherry blossom time, but in Carnegie Hall. It was a cold winter's night, and Bernstein was conducting the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. Live.

To be sure, there have been occasions in the past when Bernstein has conducted the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall on January night, even February nights. But those were when he was a guest conductor, or an associate conductor, or something else than Music Director. In the recent years of his embracing responsibility, it has, apparently, not been a responsibility he chooses to embrace between November, say, and March. He has, instead, evolved the capacity of resident guest conductor, distinguishable only from other, nonresident guest conductors, by the regularity of his reappearances. He is, to my knowledge, the only chief officer of an important American symphony orchestra who may, in some seasons, conduct more weeks on the road than he does at home. Perhaps, like some baseball pitchers, he prefers the road because the fences are further away—or, at the least, they are different fences. Maybe when he has new, different fences in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, he will conduct more on cold winter nights. For a season or two, anyway. But so far as New York is now concerned all the evidence is that Bernstein is not a cold-weather conductor.

This was a long winter's night, with ample time for more than one dream. Especially as one of the other dreams had to do with "Salome." I knew it was a dream the minute I heard the announcement that the Metropolitan had decided to stay dark because, midway in the rehearsals, it had been determined that "Salome" was not a ballet. Or, at least, it was not the kind of a ballet that you could put on with a soprano whose voice wasn't big enough for "Carmen," and whose dancing, it might be said, was more to be pitied than censored.

THERE have been, in times past, evenings at a Metropolitan "Salome" when consideration for the subscriber or the ticket buyer has not been limited to the hour and thirty-five minutes it takes to perform Strauss's score. I have seen it preceded by "Gianni Schicchi," "Pagliacci," or "Cavalleria Rusticana." Also with Menotti's "Amalia al Ballo" or Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona." In none of these instances did a General Manager consider that "Salome" alone justified Metropolitan ticket prices because, in some circumstance or other, it made a full evening's presentation in Stuttgart or Darmstadt. I accept the argument that an operagoer who has heard a shattering performance of "Salome" doesn't want any music to follow it, but I recollect that the most shattering Salome of this era—Ljuba Welitsch's—was regularly preceded by a curtain raiser which no one considered unwanted.

Among the dreams, I might add, there was a nightmare or two. Such as a stretch of seven days at the Metropolitan in which regular subscription performances were conducted by Martin Rich, Ignace Strasvogel, Kurt Adler, and George Schick. I knew it was a nightmare because these gentlemen are well-qualified for the duties whose discharge they regularly supervise, and well, at the Metropolitan. But surely I was dreaming that "Bohème" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" were being conducted by Rich, "Tosca" and "Turandot" by Adler (not as replacement for someone else), "Traviata" by Strasvogel, or "Forza" by Schick. Matters soon got hazy, as they may in dreams, I couldn't decide whether this was the dream, or my recollection of a time when similar responsibilities belonged to Mitropoulos, Bruno Walter, Perlea, and Stokowski.

I KNEW, certainly, it was a midwinter night's dream when it came to me, in the guise of true fact, that Herbert von Karajan had resigned as director of the Vienna State Opera. For, like Supreme Court justices, it is well known of opera directors that few die, and none resign. Or could this be a new, contagious moment of truth that is sweeping the musical world? That, alas, I shall never know, for I was, finally, awake and everything was as I had left it. —IRVING KOLODIN.

When Too Such

By Kate Barnes

WHEN two such intellectuals unite
Beside them on the bedside table two
Pairs of spectacles are intermingled,
All legs like preying mantises, while they
Unfrocked and sportive to the bed resort,
As pink as any pair of naked shoats.

And now their quotes seem quite unapropos;
Where are the serious look and the black sweater?
My lady Venus, standing at their feet,
Is as amused with them as with all others.
Her beautiful laughter, foaming up with joy,
Issues kindly from their studious mouths.

When two in love become empirical,
There's no more thesis, no analysis;
Together they descend an ancient pathway
Until they come into the land of dragons.
Useless to speak of them—they have got clean away,
They lie beneath the tree ferns and have no language.

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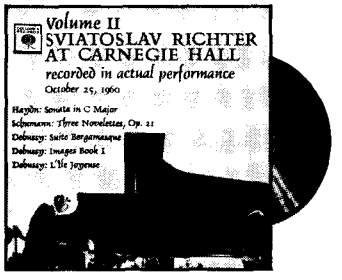

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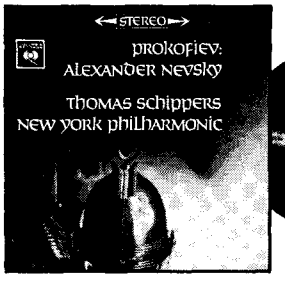

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FEBRUARY 24, 1962

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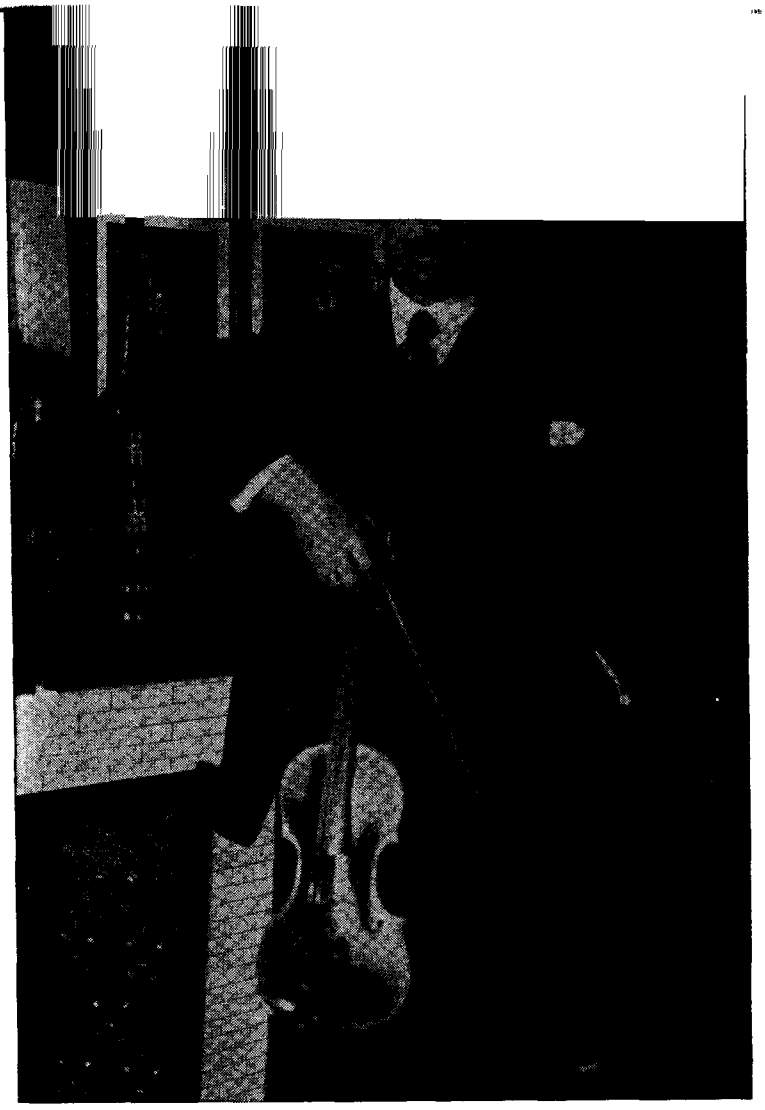

Before his return to concertizing in America, October 1919. The pictures at back are of Brahms and Rachmaninoff.
—Kreisler Photographs from Culver.

THE KREISLER CAREER

By MISCHA ELMAN

NEW YORK.

FOR ME, and for many thousands of people, a shining light has departed from this earth, but only physically, because the name of Fritz Kreisler, and his art, will be perpetuated through his compositions and records. His style of playing and his style of composing were identical. Full of courtly elegance and grace, one could not be separated from the other. His art had dimples, full of smiles and beauty. What impressed me most in listening to this great artist for the first time (in London, about 1905) was the life he put into every note he played. His vibrato was the only fast vibrato I enjoyed because he used it up to the value of the note and did not carry it over to the next one, like so many pianists do, who put their foot on the pedal only to ignite the keyboard with excess vibrations—very often to cover up their technical insecurities.

Kreisler's quality of performance was always the quality of a great artist, and the reason the listener was so captivated and fascinated with his playing was the human quality that he possessed. Everything he did was natural and without any complications. He was so straightforward in his interpretation that he communicated a feeling to each listener that he was playing just for him. It was this intimacy that endeared Kreisler so much to every one in the audience.

While he may not have approached the music of the great classical concertos, such as the Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, etc., with the grandeur that these works require, he made up for it in the classical proportions of his phrasing—with a slight tint of Gypsy flavor! This blend was very congenial.

Kreisler was born in Austria, and he never lost his *Gemütlichkeit* in life—when telling a story or in his music. His tone and interpretation radiated the kind of warmth that never fluctuated. The temperature of this warmth never reached the point of excitement or ecstasy, but it was always in good taste and beauty. His technique was very personal. I do not know of any violinist whose double-stops sounded so euphonious. They had a real glow, and that is the reason why he employed them so often in his compositions, particularly fourths.

While considerably younger in age, I am happy to call myself a contemporary of Fritz Kreisler. This gives me the privilege to evaluate him as a man and artist, and the older I get the stronger the memories will be of my personal contact with him, which brought me so much joy.

Fritz Kreisler's art was unique and irreplaceable. All of us violinists owe him a debt of gratitude for the great influence he had on more than one generation.

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Left: First tour of America, aged thirteen, in 1888. Right: World celebrity, turn of the century.

By ZINO FRANCESCATTI

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

KREISLER struck me like a thunderbolt the first time I heard him. It was in 1913. I had already been playing the violin for many years, though I was only eight. He came on the stage, and already the man was different from the great artists we were accustomed to hear —Ysaye, Thibaud, Paderewski, etc. They were personages with very long hair, dressed with a flavor of nineteenth-century romanticism, tremendous redingotes, jabots of lace, elaborate ties.

Kreisler, with his crew-cut hair, sober jacquette, and calm and formidable strength, made me gaze with awe. What came out from his violin was the thing I was waiting for: the revelation, the ideal of my dream not yet revealed to me, the beautiful tone, the clarity and simplicity of the phrases (in the Beethoven concerto), and particularly the rebound inside your chest of the rhythm of his bow. I felt Kreisler pointed to the future for me. He was the artist who speaks to you not only of the wonders of the past, but also of the great things to accomplish your destiny. That night I decided to give all my life to the violin.

The second great influence was when I had, in 1920, to record for "His Master's Voice" most of the Kreisler repertory. I worked, naturally, with the Kreisler records, trying to reproduce, to imitate, the wonderful rubati, the gorgeous portamenti, and the unmistakable rhythms. While I was practicing one of his most famous pieces attributed to Pugnani (at that time we took it for granted that the Praeludium and Allegro was Pugnani's), my father, passing by, said in a burst of ire: "You can play as Kreisler does, but I can assure you that you are both wrong. Pugnani would never have played that passage with the accents you give. It is binary, not ternary." Unfortunately my father was dead when Kreisler admitted it was his own composition.

I learned more of the philosophical approach of Kreisler to his art during the many summers we passed in the Berkshires. He came often to see us in our place, "Fiddletop." From these numerous conversations, I can summarize thus:

"To be a violinist you must practice your instrument; but to be a great artist you must be curious of everything, and learn in every subject as much as you can . . ."

He loved to remember his youth, his studies at the Paris Conservatoire; his teacher Massart; Léo Delibes, the director, who told him to rewrite the Paganini Concerto (he did, later, but only the first movement); to tell stories of his friend Jacques Thibaud, Ysaye, with whom he played chamber music and also poker—to talk about Brahms, Joachim, with the great human traditions.

We also had musical discussions often with the late Albert Spalding, who was also a neighbor. At the end of the evening, Kreisler would take a seat at the piano and play with Spalding and me some Bach, Vivaldi, or Handel.

One of his favorite anecdotes was about a letter he received not very long ago from an old artist, in California, whom he didn't remember too clearly. It said, "Dear Mr. Kreisler, you were good enough to lend me a hundred dollars when I was broke thirty years ago. Knowing you are

Left: Trio in New York, with Jean Gerardy, cellist (middle), and Josef Hofmann, piano (1902). Above: Joint appearance in Beethoven's Triple Concerto with Harold Bauer, piano, and Pablo Casals, under direction of Walter Damrosch (seated). New York, 1917.

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retired and need money, I send you back these hundred dollars which helped me very much. . . ."

Of course Kreisler did not need money, but some newspaper had been nicely inventive and concerned about his retirement. I never heard Kreisler be unjust, or have pleasure in criticizing someone. Intellect, love, modesty, tremendous knowledge, and an immense heart—that was Kreisler for me.

By YEHUDI MENUHIN

BOMBAY, INDIA.

IT WAS through his recording of "Liebesleid," which cast a spell upon my childhood, that Kreisler first came into my life. His particular qualities of tenderness, rhythmic lilt, the human speaking sound matched by its lively accented incisions, spoke a universal language that was as understandable to a small boy of five (in 1921) as to the whole of mankind. This was his unique genius.

I longed to be able to express myself like him or to penetrate his secret world. However, when by the time I was eight my parents took me to hear him at the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco (1924) I was no nearer my goal. For although we were all three entranced by his lovely playing of Mendelssohn's concerto, my parents, who never pushed me and found no intermediary to effect the introduction after the concert, took me home.

I did not meet him until five years later in Berlin. In his typically generous way he came backstage to see me at my debut there with Bruno Walter. It was there I heard him play the Beethoven concerto and now, encouraged by his friendliness toward us, we went backstage to thank him for his beautiful performance.

I was better prepared than I had been five years before in San Francisco to fathom those inner depths which colored even his most carefree notes.

Unlike so many of a child's images, which shatter in the presence of reality, his presence only etched mine all the more sharply and clearly.

He led in a creative way. He knew, as did so many of his background both older and younger than himself, like Paderewski, Jacques Thibaud, and today Artur Rubinstein, how to "savourer le moment."

With wife Harriet, in New York, in the Thirties.

As the years went by I learned to understand the origin of these very human values, his typically Austrian zest for everything that life has to offer, as well as the profound musicality and training coming from the same source.

How often did he warn me above all not to practice too much, not to destroy by slogging that most precious gift of all: to ignite one's self and one's audience in an act of spontaneous combustion.

His wide interests apart from his music, in which he was equally gifted as composer and pianist, served as the raw material, the fuel which fed the fires of his art.

Years after he stopped playing he remained interested in all that had gone to make up his life, from the most absorbed and romantic to the most mundane. "What are the prices of London concert tickets today?" he would ask me.

Or, as upon that riotous occasion when, joined by our wives Diana and Harriet, he and Jacques Thibaud outvied each other with reminiscences of their early and frivolous escapades all over the world, and as the evening advanced sailed nearer and nearer the wind until finally Harriet called a halt.

I was quite accidentally involved in the revelation of what was probably his greatest prank. Olin Downes asked me to give one concert in the series to which he acted as compere in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This was in the early 1930s; in deliberating about the program he suggested that I begin by the much-played Praeludium and Allegro of Pugnani arranged by Kreisler. As it was Olin Downes's duty to speak about the particular works of the program, explaining their background to the public, he went to a great deal of trouble to discover the original Pugnani manuscript. Having combed the libraries of New York and the Library of Congress in Washington with no success, he finally cabled Fritz Kreisler in desperation to help him find the Urtext. It was this that evoked the famous wired answer in which Kreisler admitted that there was no use looking any further in the files of Pugnani for this manuscript, as it was none other than his own composition.

No reminiscences of Kreisler would be complete without reference to his inseparable life companion, Harriet. Between them there existed a devotion which was without doubt the strongest single thread in his life. I remember his saying, when once our paths crossed on tour, "Life is empty and desolate without Harriet. I cannot bear being separated from her."

By NATHAN MILSTEIN

STILLWATER, OKLA.

AS A BOY in Russia there were two musical names which meant more to me than any others—Chaliapin and Kreisler. From records, of course, for while we had a fine opera in Odessa where I lived, I did not hear Chaliapin until I was taken to St. Petersburg to study with Auer. I did not hear Kreisler until much later in Paris, but always his was the name of a violinist who was above and beyond all others, as the Pope in the Catholic world.

More than anything else I would describe his art as hypnotic. To see him stand there quietly and bring sounds from the instrument unlike anything anybody else produced was to feel what is to me the unique power of the interpreter—to appeal directly, as an individual, to the individual listener. I heard him first in Paris in 1926, but I did not meet him until 1931. I was invited to visit him during the interval. He had just played Bruch, with piano—hypnotically. When I left the room, someone said to me, "You kissed his hand." "No," I said. "That is impossible. I wouldn't do

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such a thing." But when I thought back—yes, I had, without even realizing it.

Such gifts as Kreisler's come, to a single human being, once in two or three generations—to play as he played, to know what he knew, to create the beautiful expressions of his own personality which we all love and enjoy. For me, in the history of the violin, there is Bach, there is Viotti, there is Paganini—and Kreisler. He added something no previous composer had imagined possible for the instrument—two separate, independent voices sounding different themes simultaneously. Naturally I am not talking just about double stops, which many composers and composer-violinists wrote, or melodic interchanges as in Bach, where there is aria-accompaniment, or fugal imitations. But in the cadenza for the Beethoven concerto, there is this actual phenomenon of two different thematic lines happening at the same time.

In recent years I became well acquainted with Kreisler, and sometimes he would spend an evening with us, among friends. Usually he came early, before any one else, and we would talk. On one occasion in New York I mentioned to him a "Meditation" by Cottenet, of which I had a recording in Russia. For a moment, it seemed it was something he had quite forgotten. Then he said, "Yes, Cottenet was an Englishman who came to live in America." Then, he asked, "Do you have the violin?" Naturally, I went and got it. He said "Put my first finger on the A on the G string." I did as he told me. Then he started to bow. And, do you know, it was as beautiful as I remembered it on the record, though it was in the Fifties after he had already stopped playing. But even though he had lost the sense of the finger placement, and he couldn't hear the pitch any more, the feeling for the sound was still hypnotic.

By JOSEPH SZIGETI

BURLINGAME, CALIF.

WHAT makes Fritz Kreisler's impact on his time so unique is that, while fundamentally changing stylistic concepts of our art, he never became (at least in my opinion) an inhibiting "father image" as, for example, Joachim.

Those who were as much as twenty years his junior could rather call him a "brother image," if such an expression were permissible.

Last years of public performance, after his nearly fatal accident in 1941.

There was that life-affirming, invigorating, *youthful* essence in his playing that left its mark both on those who (at the turn of the century) were older and on those who were younger than he was.

This perhaps not only explains his inescapable imprint on these last sixty years of violin playing, but also insures his continuing influence on coming generations as well. And this, thanks to those elements of our art of which, in the authoritative words of Carl Flesch (1925), Fritz Kreisler was the *initiator*.

As I mention in "With Strings Attached" (Knopf, 1947): "When I came to Berlin in 1905 . . . I heard for the first time . . . also Kreisler and Ysaye. To make clear the impact of their playing on me—a playing of a fire, an elegance, a rhythmic incisiveness which I had never imagined—I should have to be able to convey the style of playing of the only virtuosos I had heard during my conservatory days: Burmeister, Kubelík, Marteau, Hugo Heermann. It is obviously impossible to do this. These first impressions were too amorphous, too lacking in critical perception, too biased by schoolroom prejudices. In Berlin I was on my own, and I was bowled over by Ysaye, Kreisler, and Elman."

By ISAAC STERN

ATLANTA, GA.

FOR string players everywhere, the death of Fritz Kreisler is the passing of one of the last links with a great era. Some of us have known a few of the great performers of that era, millions know them by recordings, and other millions keep a cherished memory of the glow of the music that came from that time. Pablo Casals, still vigorous and still making great music, was an integral part of that period, as were Eugene Ysaye, Rachmaninoff, Cortot, Thibaud, and many others. Somehow, in our memories and from the reminiscences of those who heard the artists of that time, we always get an impression of their great fund of golden serenity and profound thought, but with grace and time for an awareness of living with beauty, and enjoying the art of living. They seemed to be men of many parts, who knew literature, painting, philosophy, and were warmly involved with the world in which they lived.

Of all of these, Fritz Kriesler was one of the most beloved figures. When one spoke of him, the gentle, glowing adjectives seemed to come most quickly to the tongue. His appearance on the stage was the epitome of the wise, understanding grandfather (at least to those of us who knew him in his later years), and in our ears we always carried the immediate impression of a golden, uniquely personal sound, instantly recognizable and unmatched by anyone else. He never seemed to use more than three-fourths of the length of his bow, and yet there was strength and an unending variety of color.

I did not meet Kreisler more than a half dozen times, and could not say that I knew him well, and yet I, like most string players of our time, must confess that in some subtle way, he influenced us all. Perhaps it was his evident love of every phrase he played, his unashamed enjoyment of being moved by the music, and in turn being able to move his listeners. For in every Kreisler performance that I heard, it was inevitable that in its course there came moments of pure magic, moments where one could forget one was sitting in a concert hall listening to a man performing on an instrument: where only that golden thread of sound entered one's ear and mind, to remain always as a cherished memory. To be taken out of time and place is rare enough as an experience to be treasured, and to do it as consistently as Fritz Kreisler could do it is even rarer.

The many compositions he wrote are adored by listeners and performers alike, and have become part of the standard

(*Continued on page* 57)

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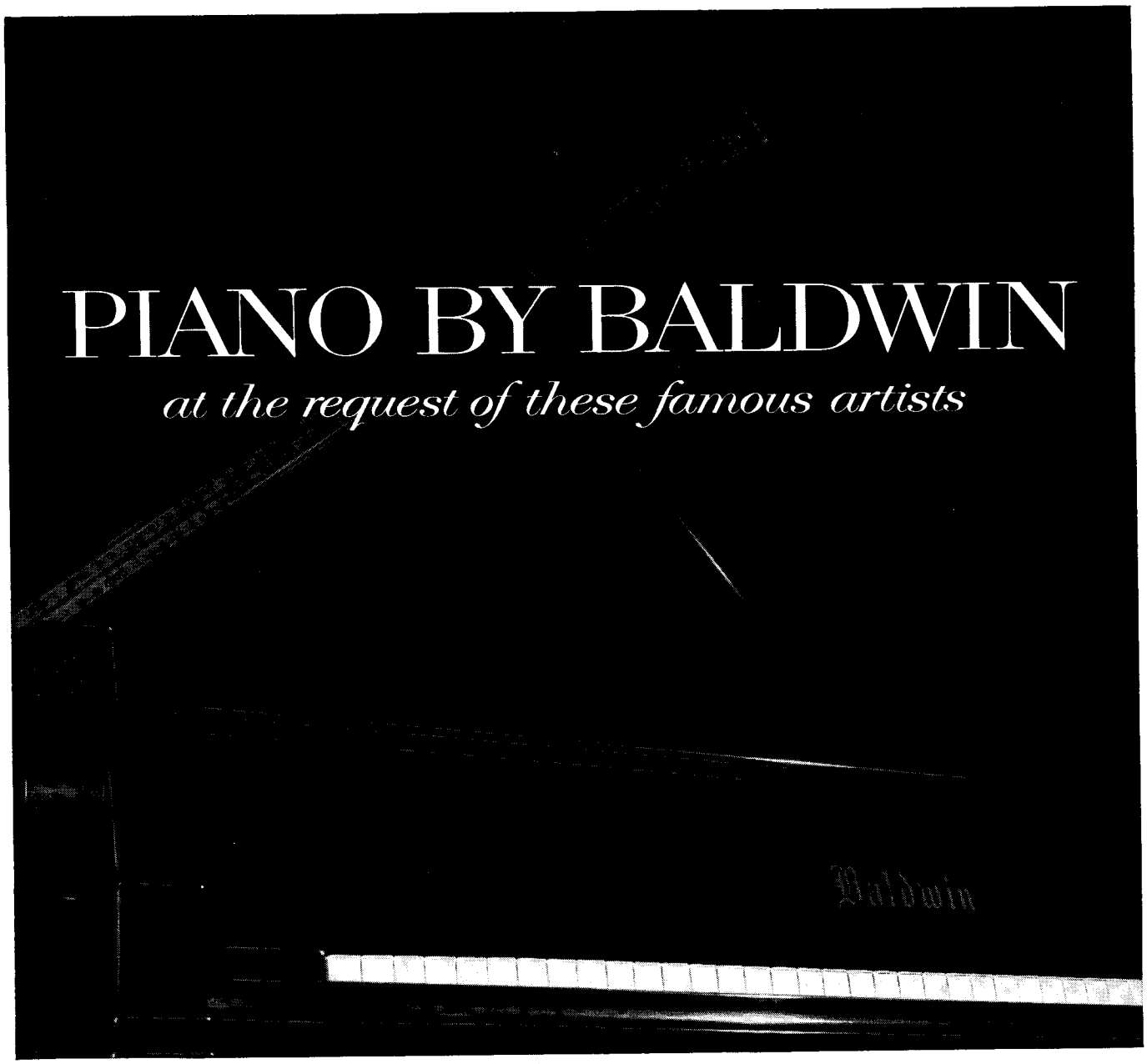
PIANO BY BALDWIN

at the request of these famous artists

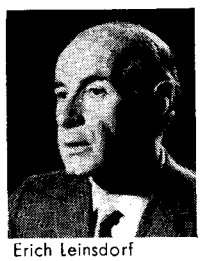


Whittemore & Lowe

Leonard Bernstein

Wilhelm Backhaus

David Bar-Illan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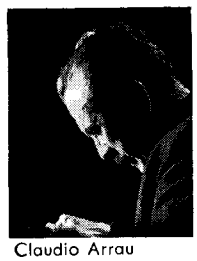
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Andre Previn

Lukas Foss

Ruth Slenczynska

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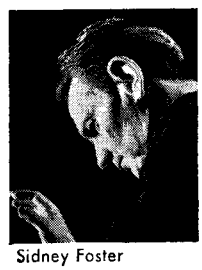
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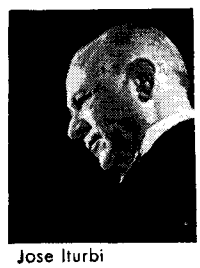
Jose Iturbi

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Recordings in Review

The Uncommercial Commercial

PURCELL: *"Let us wander," "Lost is my quiet"*; HAYDN: *"Schlaf in deiner engen Kammer"*; BACH, J. C.; *"Ah, lamenta oh bella Irene"*; BEETHOVEN: *Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet," "He promised me at parting," "They bid me slight my Dermot dear," "The Dream"*; SCHUBERT: *"Mignon und der Harfner"*; BERLIOZ: *"Le Trébuchet"*; DVORAK: *"Möglichkeit," "Der Apfel"*; TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Schottische Ballade"*; SAINT-SAENS: *"Pastorale"*; FAURÉ: *"Pleurs d'or."* *Victoria de los Angeles, soprano and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel 35963, $4.98.

Odd and unusual as is the combination of two voices such as those of Victoria de los Angeles and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in duet, the music they perform is even less commonly heard or, even, known about. Thus in endorsing Angel's impulse in matching these two "commercial" attractions, it has earned even more credit in providing them with occupation worthy of their art.

That is especially true of Side 2, which is as absorbing as the succession of names and materials suggests. Outstanding, to my taste, is Tchaikovsky's treatment of "Edward! Edward!" which adds to those known by Loewe and Brahms another of gripping power. The Schubert and Dvorak are also beautiful, as are the lightly attractive settings by Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, and Fauré.

Fischer-Dieskau-de los Angeles — "as absorbing as the succession of names . . . suggests."

Mayuzumi—"creative discrimination."

It is always dangerous to draw inferences from the succession of materials on a record, as the first may have been last, and vice versa. Here, however, it sounds as though matters went much as they are recorded, for the ensemble increases markedly on Side 2. In the earlier settings of folk materials (Haydn's, incidentally, is the song known here as "All Through the Night"), the two superb voices are being heard at the same time, but not, really, together. At best, the span between them tends to put prominence on the side of the higher voice, especially as Fischer-Dieskau has an almost exaggerated deference to his partner. Always, however, Moore mediates impartially, and effectively, between them. When the fusion finally occurs it is equally binding on all.

"Nirvana" in Sound

MAYUZUMI: *"Nirvana-Symphonie." Wilhelm Schüchter conducting the NHK Symphony Orchestra and chorus.* Time S8004, $5.98.

Of the numerous percussionists now engaged in putting together sound patterns and calling them music, Toshiro Mayuzumi has a better claim to serious attention than most. He has, in the first place, a valid series of esthetic premises on which to base his expression: in the second, he has the kind of creative discrimination which separates the truly motivated from the merely calculated.

Among the elements which enter into the "Nirvana-Symphonie" are Japanese temple bells and a "vocal noise," as Mayuzumi calls it, similar to "the voices of Buddhist priests reciting Sutras." Combined with them are a conventional large symphony orchestra augmented by additional high woodwinds and bass brasses, the latter arranged at opposite corners of the playing area to immerse the listener in sound. A solo male voice is heard from time to time.

As befits a composer in his thirties who has studied at the Paris Conservatoire, made repeated visits from Japan to Stockholm and Darmstadt, and recently visited the United States, Mayuzumi is well versed in Schoenberg's *Klangfarbenmelodie* ("tone color melody") principles as well as Stravinsky's rhythmic innovations. I would guess, too, that he has heard some Orff here and there, though there is no allusion to that source in his own commentary.

There is, rather, a good deal about the relation of the work to the "ideal state" of Nirvana associated with the tolling bells, and paralleled in the sections titled "Campanology I," "Campanology II," and "Campanology III." About this I have no qualifications for an opinion; but I can say that the sound texture is seductive to my ear, full of nuance and color as well as some monotony. The Japanese-made tape yields an imposing total of well-defined timbres.

Beethoven No. 9 by Szell

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra, with Adele Addison, soprano, Jane Hobson, mezzo, Richard Lewis, tenor, and Donald Bell, bass, and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, Robert Shaw, director.* Also: *Symphony No. 8. Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.* Epic 2-BSC 112, $11.98.

For three-quarters of its length this is not only the best-sounding version of this work to be made in the United States and comparable to the best from any source, but also one of the most tenacious in its pursuit of musical meaning. For the first discovery, surprise need not be implied, for Epic is quite capable of achieving the ultimate that contemporary sound techniques permit, especially in Cleveland. For the second, some impact of the unusual is permissible, for the Cleveland Orchestra does not perform such a work on its tour, and how else is the non-Clevelander to know of the ever-broadening command Szell has developed in matters of such scope?

So far as the three instrumental movements are concerned, it is not

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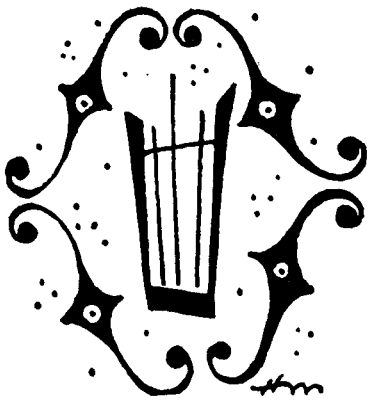
merely meticulous in its realization of detail and nuance, solo incident and ensemble episode, but also arresting in its penetration of meaning and its estimation of atmosphere. There is a harmonious interrelation of colors through the choirs, a similar beat and vibrato from low strings to high woodwinds—by no means common even in very good orchestras. The horns, in particular, are outstanding in both the scherzo and the slow movement, in circumstances of recording that would make any minor blemish a major fault. And Szell gives us a steady, insuperably logical, and well-sustained estimation of the music and its meaning.

But where are the controlling factors of taste and judgment, which have shaped such results, in the choral finale? First off, the solo quartet has apparently been positioned in such a way that the microphone which picks them up discriminates, slightly, the acoustic environment in which they are placed (against a screen, perhaps) so that their sound has a different texture from that of either the chorus or the orchestra. Then, too, it appears that a special effort is being made to get the choral sound into the recording, so that the orchestra, now and again, drops below audibility. And, finally, Szell's direction here is much more choppy, less regular or well-paced than in the movements without chorus, diminishing by more than a little what should be the cumulative impact of the whole. Indeed, at the crest of the crux (the climaxing B major chord on "Flügel weilt") a pause is indulged for a breath by Miss Addison which takes the air out of this soaring moment. Vocally, Lewis and Bell are more nearly equal to their task than the ladies, which leaves Beethoven only half served.

So much of this is so good that one can only regret that the problems of the finale were not better resolved. Certainly every mechanical care has been taken in the arrangement (on three sides) and processing of the work. The companion Symphony No. 8 matches the best standard of the instrumental No. 9, which is to say that it is impressive.



"Ballo" à la Nilsson

PART of the responsibility in record making is to resist temptation as well as to embrace opportunity. London has earned recent praise for its enterprise in seizing the opportunity presented by the development of Joan Sutherland to give us a mostly well-considered "Lucia"; but it has fallen well short of such worthy aspirations in mingling Birgit Nilsson as Amelia in its new treatment of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" with the Riccardo of Carlo Bergonzi, the Renato of Cornell MacNeil, Giulietta Simionato's Ulrica, and the Oscar of Sylvia Stahlman (London OSA 1328, $17.98).

For the weight and displacement of her voice are as much out of place in juxtaposition to theirs in Verdi as theirs would be juxtaposed to hers in Wagner. The mere fact that Miss Nilsson has the technical capacity to sing the notes of the part and that she is not averse to any employment for which she is suitably compensated does not mean that any useful ends—always excluding merely commercial ones—are advanced by this kind of "all-star" booking (a far cry from her restrained part in RCA Victor's "Don Giovanni" of several years back).

Essentially, Miss Nilsson's sound is lacking in warmth, tenderness, or the flexibility of texture to bind itself to the flowing kind of line Verdi writes for Amelia's big scene at the gallows. Some effort has been made to compensate for this by placing Miss Nilsson at a distance from the main microphones: but this induces another distraction—a curtain of orchestra between the listener and the voices. I don't know what the philosophical concept at work here is, save that it seems to be derived from London's one, atypical "operatic" success with "Das Rheingold," which has now settled into formula. As for the kind of climax induced by Solti on the words "O signor, miserere," with its rumble of percussion under the voice, it bespeaks either ignorance of Verdi's intentions or else a disregard for anything that might interfere with a startling effect on the microphone.

These and other grotesqueries (such as the torrent and the trickle in the exchanges of Amelia-Nilsson and Riccardo-Bergonzi in the following duet) are deplorable, for there are the elements of a quality "Ballo" in this cast. Best of them is Bergonzi, especially in the first two scenes in which the resonant yet flexible sound he commands makes a caressing effect on the microphone. He tends to decline in quality as the work progresses and the demands of the music change (as he does in the performances currently being heard at the Metropolitan). There are ways and means of keeping him in adjustment, relative to the record—such as moving him into the microphone for his outburst "M'ami, m'ami! . . . oh sia distrutto . . . ," which cannot be duplicated in the theatre. However, the succeeding course of this scene, with Nilsson in full voice and Bergonzi not even achieving audibility in "in petto l'amor," is symbolic of the vocal mismatch for which no compensation is truly possible. Perhaps it is London's view that a fortissimo high C from Nilsson compensates for Bergonzi's disappearance from the aural horizon, but that is a crude "solution" for Verdi's problems.

For that matter, Solti is no particular help to MacNeil in his Renato, tending to confuse the boisterous with the dramatic and the conspicuous with the meaningful. As for the explosive timpani burst before "Odi tu come fremono cupi," it would be ludicrous did it not

reflect the "musical" concept of people who have some reputation for artistic aspiration. More than anything else it tends to dull the ear to the really fine sound produced by MacNeil here as well as in his well sung "Eri tu."

Having recently pursued a close scrutiny of the other existing "Ballo" recordings, I can testify that the RCA Victor conducted by Arturo Toscanini is still the man-sized achievement of this task beside the boyish ventures of his competitors. Maria Callas's Amelia in the Angel set is the most interesting performance of this character to my ears, Ferruccio Tagliavini's Riccardo (in a hard-to-find Cetra) possessed of some attention-commanding subtleties. The other stereo "Ballo" (on DG) doesn't make a closer approach to the musical essence of Verdi than the London does.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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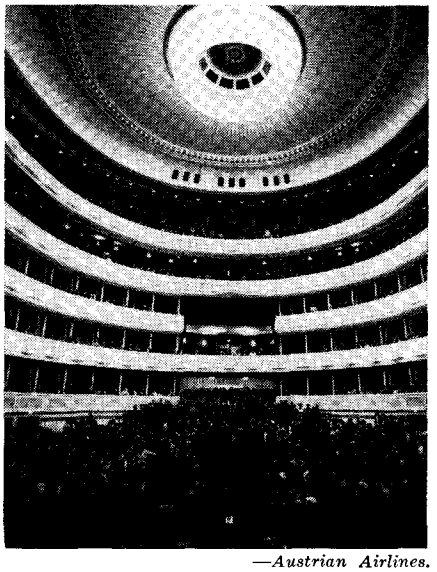
Karajan and the Opera Dilemma in Vienna

THE CAT is finally out of the bag. Vienna bookstores did their best Christmas business in years, selling a 300-page volume entitled "Conductors, Stars, and Bureaucrats," by Viktor Reimann; not too many people knew that he had been the director of the Press Department of the Austrian State Theatres Administration (1955-60). The book's subtitle did the trick: "Glory and Decline of the Vienna Opera Ensemble." As you may know, its author could not have touched upon a more pressing subject or any problem nearer to the heart of the Viennese. Dr. Reimann, a colorful and, as it seems, well-informed writer on matters operatic, both from the local and the world-wide vantage points, by describing for the first time all stages that led to the dismissal of Karl Böhm and to the conquering of the State Opera by Herbert von Karajan, raises some basic questions regarding the future of operatic art; they will be eagerly discussed wherever opera is being performed, be it in Milan or London, in Munich, Paris, or New York. (Especially as Karajan has just announced his "resignation" because a wage increase was arranged without his consent.)

In this country, after Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg's declaration on the state of the performing arts, interest will center around the highly controversial problem of government subsidies for opera-performing theatres and groups. Believe it or not, the richly subsidized Vienna State Opera is hardly better off than our Metropolitan Opera, an institution depending, so far, on private support. According to Reimann, the core of today's problems of all opera houses, whether government-upported or not, is the problem of artistic survival in an era which, undoubtedly and rapidly, must lead to "international conformity." The great "operatic axis" Milan-Vienna-New York (also including London's Covent Garden) has finally created some sort of an international stock market dealing in singers', conductors', and stage directors' shares, with each outbidding the other. This reminds me of Rudolf Bing's smiling answer to my question, asked a few days ago, of how a season's repertory is selected. "Well," said the Met's general manager, "first of all we have to adjust our plans to the international timetable of our artists.



—*Austrian Airlines.*

Vienna Opera Audience—"No problem nearer to the heart of the Viennese."

From a long list of operas we then cross out all operas we cannot perform due to casting difficulties; the small remainder of our list constitutes the final repertory." I was also reminded of a news item that appeared in the German press referring to a young, upcoming conductor: "Heinz Wallberg, internationally strong in demand." Wallberg shares, apparently, would be a highly recommendable investment, since his stock is good for the long pull.

What is happening in this era of the personality cult, the stardom, and the colossal fees—not to speak of the jet planes—is neither lamented nor treated polemically by Reimann. He merely states the facts, the hard facts, that constitute the revolutionary new design of the modern "stagione theatre." Milan's La Scala and our own Met, however, don't run the risk of changing their face; for decades, these stages prospered by clinging to a system that now starts to endanger the very existence of the centuries-old last citadels of the "ensemble theatre." The Vienna State Opera, its war-damaged building reconstructed, could not heal the sore wounds suffered from different bombshells. As soon as an artistically courageous postwar ensemble re-established its former artistic glory, chiefly for an unsurpassed Mozart- and Richard Strauss-style, the members began to disperse in all directions where managers' enterprise had arranged for them superroyal fees.

Today the Vienna State Opera is paying top salaries (up to $2,000 per evening in Festival Weeks) for the services of singers who have to be imported for guest performances. Thus, a sold-out performance netting a box office receipt of $4,000 will lose money if two or three soloists alone receive the same amount for one night. The annual budget has remained more or less the same since 1959. It shows expenditures amounting to $4,000,000, box office receipts of $1,200,000, and government subsidies of $2,800,000. Travel expenses and telephone costs have sharply risen since Europe's music czar took over, but the Karajan regime, so far, has not succeeded in adjusting the wages of the opera's technical personnel and stage hands. And the adjustment made without his consent has had the now-famous results.

The strange bureaucratic web every Vienna Opera director is caught in once he assumes his post may have a typical Austrian pattern. Still, we may learn a lot for an eventual future experimentation in this country, should it result in government subsidies for the arts, and we would be the wiser if we could, by some miracle, separate party politics from the financial help to theatres and individual creative artists.

Yet there is an additional danger surreptitiously hidden behind the scenes; it is the whims and moods, the tragicomic marionette-play of some "higher-ups" that we have to reckon with. Ernst Marboe, for instance, dreaming of establishing a "General-Intendanz" in Vienna that should also include broadcasting, TV, and recordings involving members of the State Theatres, did not only plot against Egon Hilbert by whose untiring efforts the Opera survived the immediate postwar era, but, two years before Böhm's resignation, had also made his first attempt to win Karajan for Vienna.

The endless conspiracies and machinations relentlessly accompanying the affairs of a state-subsidized institution are of an unforeseen and sometimes of a Machiavellian character. In addition to the severe limitations caused by the international timetable of the singers, they neglect the important element, which, until now, has formed the decisive criterion for the operatic enter-

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prise — artistic progress. Young and sometimes inexperienced singers stumble over tasks they are not yet fit to fulfill. But where would be the helpful director, the interested conductor, the friendly stage manager to guide them and to advise them how to grow artistically, to unite them to slowly forming a new congruous ensemble? In the same way, contemporary composers go begging, because it is so much simpler to unearth some long-forgotten opera for a noted prima donna's or a famous tenor's gala performance than to risk a flop by mounting a "modern"—and therefore unpopular—opera. Under Karajan, the Viennese are fed Italian operas at no end (to the detriment of Mozart and Strauss performances, which are steadily declining) and in the original language, too. It is amusing to read Reimann's description of the snob-studded audience listening to an Italian-sung performance of "Falstaff" with such somber faces that they might be attending a performance of "Parsifal."

What, with all the publicity, is the true picture of Herbert von Karajan? In the opinion of some, he is "World Conductor Number One," because he typifies the conductor of our time who — in contrast to Wilhem Furtwängler, the "conductor of poets and dreamers" —is the "conductor of mathematicians and engineers." He is not, as Mahler was, the apostle of a musical work, but its interpreter, dynamic rather than impassioned, imposing, but not overtly creative. His goal, always to be in full command, to play the role of superman, is the reason that he had to learn to live with some complexes he no longer can shrug off. He had admirers, adversaries, business partners, and people eager to serve under him, but since he himself cannot be anybody's friend, no friend. Says Reimann: "He became so overestimated that he is forced to live in a cloud."

About the five years of his directorship in Vienna, Reimann states: "Fascinating as the Karajan era may be, it is uninteresting. It consumes much money, but demands little spirit." Again: such statements may be symptomatic from the point of view of a refined Viennese, but also show us one of the pitfalls of government-sponsored music theatre management: the eventual appearance of an operatic director-dictator under whose global baton the last bastions of true art would crumble. And not for these reasons alone, but for many others, the crucial test that the Vienna State Opera is now undergoing, is one we can learn from and perhaps draw our own rightful conclusions for American opera houses.

—Robert Breuer.

Dresden "Tannhäuser" Complete

THE complete recording of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" recently issued by Angel (Stereo 3620D/L, $23.98) raises some disturbing questions for an operagoer who, in former decades, heard this work in notable performances. Has the bloom worn off the once-absorbing libretto (among Wagner's most human and sympathetic) and the colorful music; or have latter-day mountings deteriorated to the point of obscuring the real "Tannhäuser"? One would prefer not to follow this latter thought, because it can lead toward living in the past. Yet standards must be respected; and this writer, familiar with some of the opera's good years, feels there is nothing wrong today with "Tannhäuser" that a brilliantly sung and directed production might not cure.

Glowing memories persist for those who have heard Elisabeth and Venus sung by Lehmann and Olczewska; Rethberg and Branzell; Jeritza and Kappel. Melchior's Tannhäuser remains uneffaced, as does the Landgraf of Richard Mayr. These artists had large-scale dramatic conceptions, an ability to color the music vocally at will. Current casts for the opera are generally grubby; and the new recording by Angel, featuring the orchestra and chorus of the German State Opera, Berlin, makes no striking departure from this state of affairs, save that the performance comes off as uninspired rather than poor.

Does one ever in our time hear the original versions of Verdi's "Boccanegra," "Forza del Destino," or "Don Carlo?" Obviously not, for the great Italian opera houses respect the revisions made by the composer in his later years. Such, unfortunately, is not the case with "Tannhäuser." Many German theatres still cling doggedly to the early edition of this opera, first presented at Dresden in 1845, and turn away from the superb revisions made by Wagner sixteen years later for the Paris Opéra, when he had completed "Tristan und Isolde" and was at the height of his creative power. Chauvinism may be at the root of this choice, or else that obsession with museum pieces which seems to form part of the German soul.

Supporters of the Dresden version claim 1) that it maintains a consistency of style throughout, whereas the Paris edition—by introducing a new, Tristanesque idiom into the Venus music—violates the sense of unity; and 2) that Wagner's heart was not in the Paris revisions. One might answer 1) that the composer knew marvelously well how to rewrite the music of Venus while keeping intact that of Elisabeth so that the inequality of styles (purposely arrived at) represents the two different worlds between which Tannhäuser must choose; and 2) that Wagner, far from being reluctant about these revisions, composed—in addition to the expanded Bacchanale—not only a thoroughly rewritten Venus scene, but also a tightening in the second act of the Minnesingers' contest, achieved by suppressing the pallid song of Walther von der Vogelweide and sparking one brief reminiscence—in Tannhäuser's fevered brain—of the new, Parisian Venus. These changes found Wagner in wonderful form.

The conducting of Franz Konwitschny is capable, but lacks the fire needed to make this score come alive. Elisabeth Grümmer sings acceptably as the heroine; Marianne Schech is a quavery Venus; Hans Hopf, a tight-voiced, unimaginative hero; and Gottlob Frick, an effective Landgraf. The big disappointment is the Wolfram of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. His playing of the part on stage has been praised by reliable critics. For this taste, his singing in the current album is overly refined until it loses a sense of urgency. There remains—as must happen with so first-class an artist—much to admire: beautifully turned, subtly molded phrases. Yet it all adds up to a certain preciousness.

In this recording, the Dresden edition is offered with absolutely no cuts. There are, however, one or two technical peculiarities worth noting. In the last act, when Tannhäuser seeks out the cave of Venus, an off-stage wind band representing the sound of bacchantes appears to have been dispensed with and the parts cued into the regular orchestra. In any case the desired sense of distance and unreality have here not been achieved. The final fortissimo chord of the opera fades out, evidently the fault of the tape.

For those to whom any Wagner is a rite, the new recording may be recommended, with reservations. Admirers of "Tannhäuser" in its Paris version, preferably with some shred of vocal-orchestral glamour in performance, are advised to pass it by.

—Robert Lawrence.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2; "Consecration of the House" Overture. Janos Ferencsik conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Parliament PLP 156, $1.98.	Janos Ferencsik may not be the best new conductor of 1961-62 (though it would be challenging to find a better) but he is certainly the most recorded. As a counterbalance to his Liszt, this shows Ferencsik to be thoroughly grounded in basic principles of the classic style, though he is partial to more orchestral mass, a bigger body of sound in the symphony than some others deem appropriate. But there is a good flow of lyric feeling in the slow movement, and ample animation in the faster ones. The overture is firmly, respectfully treated. Both works are cleanly performed, and spread out in full detail in the recording.
Delibes: "Sylvia" and "Coppélia" excerpts. Robert Irving conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Capitol SG 7245, $5.98.	If Yehudi Menuhin is entitled to label credit for his playing of the solo violin passages in these collations (and he assuredly is, on the basis of the quality effort he provides), then why not the solo clarinet? He plays much longer, and in respect to the problems of his instrument, just as well. In any case, the two collections are highly creditable to everybody concerned, Delibes included. Irving is a little heavier in some climaxes than I would prefer, but his work always has impulse and momentum. For the rest, "Scheherazade" fans can no doubt look forward now to a Capitol version with Menuhin playing the soli, followed by one from Columbia with Stern and Francescatti alternating.
Dvorak: Concerto in A minor; "Romance" in F minor (Opus 11). Joseph Suk, violin, with Karel Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Artia ALP (S) 193, $5.98.	Suk is not only worthy of the name he bears (he is a thirty-three-year-old grandson of the composer-friend of Dvorak), but one of the best violinists to come to attention recently. His sound is rich and resonant, his attack sure, his control of a bold style of playing thoroughly equal to the requirements of the music on this disc. The Romance is a pleasant work which makes an attractive counterpart to the concerto. Ancerl and his orchestra afford him ideal support in both, and the recording is of excellent quality.
†Dvorak: Concerto in A minor. Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. London 80080, $7.95.	Here is a heartening instance of the maximum advantages of tape being applied to the most productive ends: an uninterrupted performance of each work in either direction of the tape, the two major works being combined on a single reel with no disadvantage to either. For that matter, Ricci's playing realizes a major percentage of the musical values contained in the two works, different though they are. He is not lacking in the impulse and dash to set the whirling patterns of Tchaikovsky in motion, nor, at the extreme of another sort, the introspection to make a rewarding experience of the Dvorak Adagio ma non troppo. Sargent makes a well-balanced match for Ricci in his conducting of the orchestra, and the high-range writing for the high positions of the violin in the Dvorak comes clearly to the ear from the tape.
Dvorak: "Slavonic Dances" (Opera 46 and 72). Jonel Perlea conducting the Bamberg Symphony. Vox SVUX 52001, $5.95.	"Old-fashioned" may often have connotations of virtue in interpretation, but in these performances Perlea has taken us a little too far back. That is, before the time when the re-creations of Vaclav Talich (and later, Rafael Kubelik) gave the non-Czech world a true conception of the music contained in these dances. Musically speaking, Perlea's work is always gratifying for its clarity and order, but, in times past, these have been combined with a stronger sense of style, a sharper attention to nuance and dynamic details than are audible here. Good reproduction.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 in E minor ("New World"). Istvan Kertesz conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6228, $5.98.	A fugitive from the Hungarian uprising of 1956, Kertesz has made impressive strides toward a place in the world of international music, a tribute to undoubted talent. However, the energy he applies to this performance is still undisciplined, the intrusion of some unwanted ritards no tribute to his taste. And it would not by any means be an automatic deduction from the performance that the Vienna Philharmonic was the orchestra. All of which means that this is rather too much too soon from Kertesz, but that there is every prospect that he will be heard from regularly in time to come. The London recording is a little boisterous in its use of timpani in the climaxes.
Mouret, J. J.: Concert de Chambre in E; Boismortier, J. B. de: Sonate pour les Violons (Opus 34); Dauvergne: Concert de Symphonie (Opus 3, No. 1). Gerard Cartigny conducting a chamber orchestra. Music Guild Stereo S-18, $6.50 ($4.87 by subscription).	The general title for this issue of "the 18th century French symphony" is as good as any other, indicative as it is of something in the process of becoming as well as of in being. As it happens, the work of most appeal to me and of greatest musical distinction (in my view) is the Mouret, which is clearly a suite and nothing else, though it is simultaneously something more—an ensemblage of movements all flow and proportion, highly cultivated in melodic formulation and beautifully balanced relative to each other. Its qualities also enable Cartigny, who is otherwise unknown to me, to demonstrate taste, musicianship, and flair for a literature which urgently requires each in suitable proportions. The other two works also have substantial interest, and are justly performed. Very good sound, and particularly well-centered stereo.
†Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel," "Tod und Verklärung," and "Dance of the Seven Veils" ("Salome"). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London L 80078, $7.95.	Karajan uses these opportunities as an egotistical actor does the lines of a play—to give the best possible performance of himself. He is, by this standard, a rather perverse Till, a coy Salome, and a petulant philosopher in "Death and Transfiguration," all through the wish to "do something" with these scores that others haven't. This includes quick for slow in "Till" (and vice versa), inside-turned-outside so that the seams show in "Salome," and a suppression of the fullest eloquence possible in "Tod und Verklärung," a kind of conscious underplaying. The orchestra follows him implicitly and the recording of the well-arranged tape ("Till" and the "Dance" one way, "Tod und Verklärung" the other) is exemplary.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia MS 6298, $5.98.	Whether this is the third or fourth recording by Oistrakh of this work depends on the identity of the more than one credited to him from Russian sources. It is, in any case, as well played as any predecessor, and richer in total sound—which means that, in its bravura style, it is the equal of any version now available. So far as the slow movement is concerned, I would go beyond that characterization to say that it is superior to any known to me. Ormandy and his superb ensemble have a suitable part in that, particularly in the playing of the solo wind instruments in the background.
Wagner: "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger" Overtures, "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" and "Funeral Music" ("Götterdämmerung"). Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35755, $5.98.	Sawallisch offers a strong testimonial to the values of his Bayreuth affiliations in these vital, admirably controlled performances. Somewhat springier and quicker-moving than was the preference of a previous generation of conductors (especially in the forward-moving "Tannhäuser" overture), these interpretations nevertheless carry their own justification in every measure. Sawallisch knows the nuances of scoring (at least in these works) thoroughly, and he rarely misses a musical point. In turn, the Philharmonia accommodates him in every inclination, and the reproduction is comparable to London's "Rheingold"—as good a Wagner standard as there is.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Music for Export

ONE of the most successful American cultural products sent abroad during recent years brought together Jerome Robbins as choreographer and Robert Prince as composer with a visual aid from Ben Shahn. The complete billing on RCA Victor's new record jacket (LPM 2435, $3.98, LSP 2435, $4.98) is a mouthful:

Music excerpts from Jerome Robbins'
"Ballets: U.S.A."
"EVENTS" and
"N.Y. EXPORT: OP. JAZZ"
Three talented Americans
JEROME ROBBINS, Choreographer
ROBERT PRINCE, Composer
BEN SHAHN, Painter
create two internationally famous ballets . . ., etc.

"Events" is a second and more recent creation of these combined talents. American critics assessing the production laid emphasis on the visual aspects and tended to underestimate the music. European listeners were quicker and more eager to evaluate the distinctive characteristics of Robert Prince's evocative score. The jazz elements are urbane; at once smooth, sharp, vicious, exuberant, and moving. To the foreign observer the rhythmic elements, asymmetrical patterns, melodic contour—trite and sentimental at times, in fact even on the vulgar side—are all individual and colored with hues distinctly American.

In both ballets Prince approaches his material — which is essentially jazz — simply as *materia musica*, and not as some local color to integrate into the more accepted framework of so-called serious music. He does not try to elevate jazz—he uses it.

The wedding of the Prince and Robbins talents followed the recording of a set of pieces which George Avakian (then at Columbia Records) asked Prince to write. Avakian included them in a Columbia album called "What's New?" Using part of this music as a point of departure, Robbins and Prince worked out the score and choreography for "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." The first recording of the score appeared on a Warner Bros. label—Avakian then being at Warners. Shifting his allegiance subsequently to RCA Victor, he brings us this newest recording. It is a little smoother than the earlier version, which tended to the brash. The second ballet, "Events," is recorded here for the first time. While it does not add much that is new, it is nonetheless a fascinating and individual score. Perhaps the proper billing for this recording should include a fourth name. It might properly read: *Four* talented Americans — Robbins, Prince, Shahn, and George Avakian.

— OLIVER DANIEL.

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Listen to internationally famous bass-baritone, William Warfield, and the world's leading concert organist, Virgil Fox, perform 11 inspiring songs of the Christian and Jewish faiths on *"God of Our Fathers"* (S)P-8578. Vibrant voice in duet with the magnificent 10,000-pipe organ of New York's Riverside Church. You will never hear more moving performances of "Deep River," "The Lord's Prayer," "Come, Sweet Death," and "Kol Nidrei," among others.

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Listen to the explosive vigor of two great modern ballet scores — Bartok's *"The Miraculous Mandarin"* and *"The Age Of Gold"* by Shostakovich (S)P-8576. Robert Irving conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra. Brilliant stereo "Firsts"!

These recordings speak for themselves . . . but by no means softly.

Capitol Records

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs, Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," Concerto in the Italian Style, French Suite in G, Toccata in D. George Malcolm, harpsichord. London CS 6197, $5.98.	To judge from Malcolm's delivery of these works, it is his thesis that all predecessors have treated the harpsichord too circumspectly, and Bach with an excess of respect over enthusiasm. In any case, the instrument is subject to a heavier attack than one is accustomed to hear, and accelerandos as well as ritards give the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" a curiously jagged outline. However, neither in this work nor in the others did I hear the kind of informed exposition of the interrelated parts that is the essence of absorbing Bach playing, nor anything uncommon in the way of coloristic detail. The reproduction is strong, perhaps too much so for the intimate character of the instrument.
Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 5 in F and 7 in C minor. Erica Morini, violin, and Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Decca DL 710045, $5.98.	There is a good deal of the manner but not so much of the substance that distinguished the preceding Morini-Firkusny recordings of Franck and Mozart (K. 481). For this the reasons would seem to relate to the style of Beethoven's writing in this pair of middle-period creations, the need for a shifting emphasis in the balance, which tends, more often than not, to favor Miss Morini. In the C minor, in particular, she is too close to the microphone, with the result that quite inconsequential background figures have equal claim on the attention as main melodic matter in the piano. The technique of the recording itself is very good.
Chopin: Scherzo in C sharp minor (Opus 39), Barcarolle, Opus 60; Brahms: Rhapsodies, Opus 79; Prokofiev: Toccata, Opus 11; Ravel: "Jeux d'eau"; Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6. Martha Argerich, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 138672, $5.98.	If the list of selections suggests a cross-section of qualifications for a prizewinner in a piano competition, that is as it should be, for Miss Argerich, of Argentina, is identified as the twenty-year-old winner of several prominent European contests. However, her qualifications go beyond the mechanical competence suggested in such honors to include a flexibility of phrasing, a conscious supervision of worthwhile musical impulses that could make her an interpreter of consequence. As of this collection, she is most natural and listenable in the quieter moments of the Brahms rhapsodies, least persuasive in the showy tinkle of Liszt. However, the average of accomplishment throughout is well worth investigation. Very good piano sound.
†Moussorgsky: "Boris Godunoff" (Prologue and Coronation Scene, Clock Scene, Farewell and Death). George London, baritone, with Howard Fried (Shuisky), Stanley Kolk (A Boyar), and Mildred Allen (Feodor), the Columbia Orchestra and Chorus directed by Thomas Schippers, Columbia MQ 418, $7.95.	London's thoroughly artistic, forcefully dramatic conception of Moussorgsky's great creation is vividly conveyed by the tape, which ranks, technically, among the best thus far heard from Columbia. All music, that is, and very little extraneous sound. However, it would all have added up to much more at greater length: best of all, at full length. The chorus as well as the associated principals perform, as London does, in Russian. So far as the user is concerned, this is rather an academic matter, for there is no sign of a text, Russian or otherwise, with the tape. Notation is confined to a facsimile of a newspaper clipping reporting London's Russian successes as Boris. No word, either, of the version utilized, though it sounds more like the Rimsky-Korsakoff than any other. Schippers's leadership is positive and forceful, but (especially in the Coronation Scene) a little fast.
Mozart: Quartets in D (No. 20, K. 499) and B flat (No. 22, K. 589). Vienna Philharmonic Quartet. London CS 6231, $5.98.	Neither of these is among the most played of Mozart's quartets (largely, one surmises, because they are not usually included in the volume of ten "berühmte—celebrated" quartets from which most group make their choices). However, either is the equal, in care and thoroughness of craftsmanship, of more celebrated works in the same keys, and if not as ear-tingling in melodic freshness as the other D major and B flat, of a gravity and strength quite its own. For those who identify works by nicknames they are, respectively, "Hoffmeister" and "Second Prussian." Execution by the Boskovsky-Strasser-Streng-Brabec ensemble is first class, the recording excellent, if a little oversized.
Mozart: Quintets in G minor (K. 516) and D (K. 593). Amadeus Quartet, with Cecil Aronowitz, viola. Deutsche Grammophon 138057, $5.98.	The Amadeus has held to the technical form which established it as a quartet of high promise a decade ago, but it has not added much in weight of conception or profundity of musical observation in terms of such a work as the G minor quintet. It is played with a rich, vibrant quality of sound, but Brainin's leadership leaves more than a bit lacking of the bite, the bitterness, and the eloquence which courses through this work. The qualities of the group are much better in the D major quintet, which has no fewer musical problems but fewer meanings hidden below the surface. Model chamber music reproduction in both instances.
Sarasate: Spanish Dances Nos. 1-8, "Caprice Basque," Introduction and Tarantella, and "Sérénade Andalouse." Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano. Decca DL 710044, $5.98.	Though he comes from our own San Francisco and has been "out" too long to qualify either as a prodigy or a sensation, these performances could hardly be better if Ricci were the latest prizewinner from Russia by way of Madrid. Glistening, glowing sound propelled by a temperamental ardor that has prospered as Ricci has used it add to performances of accuracy as well as dash. To say that Ricci sounds more like the younger Kreisler than any violinist now active is merely to confess inability to compare him with Sarasate. Brooks Smith's piano playing is wholly adept, the recording as detailed as it is full-bodied.
Schumann: Quartet in A minor, Opus 41, No. 1. Mendelssohn: Quartet in E minor, Opus 44, No. 2. The Claremont Quartet. Music Guild Stereo S-19, $6.50 ($4.87 by subscription).	This is a musicianly group, and leader Gottlieb forms some expressive phrases in the more leisurely, melodic passages. However, when the going gets rough, so does the playing, especially in the middle voices, which are not articulated with the clarity and precision to meet going standards (on records) in a Schumann or Mendelssohn scherzo. Whether this calls for more intensive work, or other measures, is not for the mere listener to say, but some measures need be taken to enable the better qualities of the ensemble to become its consistent standard. Tone quality, on the whole, is good, and the interpretive intentions are always worthy of respect. Good chamber music sound in the stereo, with a little bass (cello) emphasis that should, on some units, be reduced for best balance.
Verdi: Duets from "Aida" ("Pur ti riveggo"), "Don Carlo" ("Io vengo a domandar"), "Simon Boccanegra" ("Vieni a mirar"), "Ballo in Maschera" ("Teco io sto"), and "Otello" ("Già nella notte"). Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Richard Tucker, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. Columbia MS 6296, $5.98.	An emphasis on power and the vocally muscular tend to dehumanize these performances, especially as the sound floats in space as though recorded in an empty warehouse, or put through an electronic circuit to build up resonance. This is unfortunate, for Tucker has the voice to do almost anything he chooses to in such music at the present time, and Miss Farrell's sound is matched to Verdi more idiomatically than on past occasions. Some conductors could have instilled the refinement in detail and shading lacking in these performances, but Cleva's is all in the direction preferred by the singers anyway. —I.K.

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Kreisler

Continued from page 48

repertoire of every violinist the world over. They express so well, in their artful simplicity, in their warmth and gracefulness, that which typified Kreisler as a human being to all of us. In my own case, as one example, his performance of the Viotti Concerto No. 22 remained in my inner ear for years, and impelled me to take it up as a concert piece a few years ago. Not long ago, I had occasion to listen to a recording he made with Rachmaninoff—the Schubert Duo and Grieg sonata. Despite the fact that it was an old recording, and that we have vaunted improvements in recording techniques, that glowing sound came leaping from the loudspeaker in a way virtually unmatched by any present-day recording, and one felt caressed and enkindled by the quality of that sound.

His influence was gentle. He was never dramatic, bombastic, or dazzling as a virtuoso. But he loved music, and music truly loved him. No more can be said of any artist.

Brahms by Cliburn

BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Opus 83. Van Cliburn, piano, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner.* RCA Victor 4T FTC 2096, $7.95.

With the exception of the MacDowell D minor Concerto (which is hardly a major challenge) this strikes me as the best recording Cliburn has made since those introductory products of his first, triumphant days in 1958—the Rachmaninoff No. 3 and the Tchaikovsky B minor. It is, for one thing, of a bigness to accommodate the stride and power of Cliburn's execution: and it permits the gush of sound he commands to flow freely without inhibition or impediment.

Even more, the basic ideas throughout are melodic, and their elaboration goes mainly in a free course to a foreseeable destination, by contrast with those of the "Emperor" in which Beethoven is working with a special scheme of sonorous embellishment, or in the Schumann, where improvisation (or at least the feeling of it) reigns supreme. Finally, the orchestra and the piano make a closely knit entity throughout, contributory and supporting rather than divergent and contesting. For all these reasons, the union of impulse between soloist and conductor is strongly sustained.

This is not to say that Cliburn savors all the deep eloquence of the slow movement or the poetic temper of the first. He will undoubtedly find more in it as time passes, but he already has a sufficiently strong sense of purpose, in the spirit and impulse that he commands at this moment, to do honor to his own great talent as well as the work itself.

The tape is acoustically excellent, with some gains of clarity at the bottom of the frequency range over what might reasonably be expected on disc. But why, at the beginning of the second track (after the reel has been reversed) must there be a delay of more than a minute and a half before the music resumes? Anyone with a feeling for musical rather than electronic values would recognize this as a disservice to the user. I.K.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Variety Concert

A LUSTROUS and delicate modern jazz is to be heard in "A Day in the City," six jazz variations on a theme, by the twenty-six-year-old pianist Don Friedman, who is supported by Chuck Israels, bass, and Joe Hunt, drums (Riverside RLP 384). The theme, believe it or not, is "The Minstrel Boy," but it has already been deftly enriched when it occurs here. Friedman is a sophisticated musician whose favorite composers include Bartók, Schoenberg, and Webern; his own variations, flowing into improvisation, are subtle and extended in line and polyphony. He is also, praise be, a born jazz pianist, with everything which that term implies in the way of rhythmic swing and elasticity. The foregoing broad description may suggest another Bill Evans, and Friedman, as a matter of fact, sounds rather like Evans and admits to his influence. Offhand, I can think of none better for a man who wishes to blend general musical culture with the jazz idiom. In any event, that treacherous alchemy takes place here with complete success, and I would say, on the basis of this LP alone, that Friedman is among the first rank of modern jazz men.

The twenty-three-year-old trumpeter Booker Little has written seven pieces for a small ensemble which, as recorded, in addition to himself, consists of Eric Dolphy, alto, bass clarinet, flute; Julian Priester, trombone; Max Roach, drums, vibes; Art Davis, Ron Carter, bass; and Don Friedman, piano (Candid 8027). There is much of the quality of fanfare, and much of a lonely, pastoral Spanish-Flamencan atmosphere reminiscent of the Miles Davis-Gil Evans "Sketches of Spain." There is also a good deal of solid jazz-brass propulsion. This music in general, with its unusual, abrupt angularity of line and its richly dissonantal harmony, strikes me as grave, strong, highly distinctive.

Miles Davis is back again with his trumpet and his friends John Coltrane and Hank Mobley, tenor saxes; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Jimmy Cobb, drums (Columbia CL 1656). This is rather like saying that the Packers have just taken the field, or that one of the Khans has picked up his squash bat. I do not think it is exactly fair to single out anyone in this wonderful jazz band, but I would call attention, for instance, to the sheer surprise and insouciance of the Davis and Kelly inventions in "Someday My Prince Will Come," and, for that matter, Miles Davis, a Merlin of the pistons, is even able to enchant me with variations on what I consider one of the most maudlin songs Willard Robinson or anyone else ever conceived—"Old Folks." Fortunately, the album also lets the company make free with three of Davis's own themes.

The musicians gathered around the powerful and super-subtle bassist Charles Mingus are among the most gifted in jazz. They include Dannie Richmond, drums; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Eric Dolphy, alto sax and bass clarinet; Booker Ervin, tenor sax; and Ted Curson, trumpet. Their leader is an inspirational figure who often spurs them to high excitement and explosive tension, and who encourages them in inventions of extreme elaboration. What may well be called the school of Mingus is certainly, of all the jazz scenes, the one most notable for bravura, for the flamboyant spirit and the rococo line. All of this is clear in Mingus's newest LP, where his band devotes one whole side to the treatment of three intertwining themes (by Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and Mingus himself), and gives the reverse to a long exploration of "Stormy Weather," featuring Eric Dolphy, and a dazzling Mingus scherzo called "Lock 'Em Up" (Candid 8021). I have never heard a Mingus recording which I did not find full of fascinating musical detail (his own bass playing is usually exquisite in shape and accent). But here the intensity and extravagance of the faster numbers come to seem forced (I am dispirited long before the end of the triple-theme exercise), and I grow very tired of the continuous floridity of the slower inventions. The fast numbers sound like music under forced draft.

The revival of the month is undoubtedly an LP of twelve 1923-26 sides by the late cornetist Tommy Ladnier, most of them with Lovie Austin's Blues Serenaders, in which Lovie herself played the piano and Jimmy O'Bryant the clarinet. This is South Side Chicago jazz of the most pungent sort and Ladnier's loose-jointed phrasing of "Charleston" is the kind of music we oldsters hear in our dreams (Riverside 154). —WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Columbia in Britannia—Requiem by Klemperer

LONDON.

AS SO often during the past decade, subterranean tremors herald impending changes in the structure of Britain's record industry. After eight none too blissful years, American Columbia and Philips are to part company in the spring and the former will be setting up its own independent establishment in this country. Nobody can be surprised at Goddard Lieberson's decision to "go it alone," for his achievements have never been accorded their due over here. Tied to EMI at the time of the LP breakthrough, he must have been galled to see Decca take all the credit for an innovation which his company had pioneered in the United States almost two years earlier; thereupon he threw in his lot with the huge Philips combine (then a powerful newcomer to the record scene) only to discover that this association served him no better than, if as well as, the erstwhile Columbia/Columbia liaison.

For Mr. Lieberson is a rarity in the upper reaches of the record industry—an executive with an unusually developed sense of artistic responsibility, who takes a special pride in maintaining a properly balanced catalogue. To see this catalogue fairly represented to the European music lover has been among his main concerns for a long period, and it is easy to see how dissatisfied he must feel with Philips, which, far from embracing the riches available to them, have merely nibbled at the repertoire. Occasionally, as a result of transatlantic pressure, more substantial releases of interesting material seemed to suggest a change of heart at Eindhoven; yet the approach remained essentially halfhearted, and Philips's catalogue is only a haphazard affair but also maddeningly unreliable as regards actual availability.

By the summer, at any rate, Columbia records should be arriving here via their own, independent outlet, though it must be remembered that EMI retains the use of the actual name for one of the group's major labels. Meanwhile Philips, looking for American material to replace Columbia, has begun to issue Vanguard recordings, which, since EMI absorbed the remnants of Top-Rank, have been deprived of British representation. These discs, almost entirely Viennese in origin, form a new "economy series" under the Fontana label, thereby furthering a trend which has in a comparatively brief period transformed the record industry's long-established price structure.

At the top of EMI's February list we have a splendid first stereo recording of Brahms's "German Requiem," magnificently sung and played by Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau, and the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra under Klemperer's direction, which, though undeniably noble in its conception, may yet strike admirers of this work as rather severe and aloof. Nobody, however, would apply such epithets to this month's Beecham reissues: the stereo version of "Die Entführung" (previously only the mono discs and stereo tapes were available), in which he shapes Mozart's enchanting score with tender affection and matchless gaiety, and, to mark the composer's centennial, a collection of his choicest Delius performances. The latter—designated "Volume 1" and thus hinting at further discs in similar vein—contains some admirable transfers of pre-LP material ("Song of the High Hills," "Irmelin" Prelude, and "Summer Evening") as well as two recordings dating from 1952 (Intermezzo and Serenade from "Hassan"; Dance Rhapsody No. 1).

BACH lovers who abhor the tinkle of the harpsichord and who have come to regard Rosalyn Tureck as their staunchest ally among contemporary Bach specialists, will be shocked by the recital just issued by HMV. For this disc, devoted to music by Bach, Rameau, Daquin, and Couperin, marks her first harpsichord recording, and Miss Tureck reveals in her program note that she has in fact played on both harpsichord and clavichord ever since the days of her childhood. Those among her admirers who can forgive this "fall from grace" will find her playing of the French music both deft and supple, but her performance of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue (which occupies the entire first side) strikes this listener as intolerably ponderous and pedantic—especially in the Fugue, which crawls along at a funereal pace. Most enjoyable, on the other hand, is a new Columbia recording of Beethoven's G major Concerto; Richter-Haaser is the accomplished and thoughtful soloist (he also contributes a charming account of Beethoven's Rondo in the same key by way of "encore"), excellently supported by the Philharmonia under Istvan Kertesz.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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Bach in English

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

LONDON has issued a new recording of Bach's "St. John Passion," (A 4348, $14.94, or OSA 1320, $17.94), the first in stereo; it is musically excellent, although sung in English. It was recorded in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and the sound, which is essentially clear, spacious, and beautiful, is characterized also by some reverberation and a certain sense of distance. The "atmospheric" acoustic, the use of an English text, and the resulting emphasis on religious rather than on artistic values tend to give the impression that this is a documentation of a particular kind of performance rather than of a particular piece of music.

The translation is mostly good: the recitatives were prepared by Peter Pears, the other parts by Andrew Raeburn (leaning heavily on Troutback). Problems great and small remain, and not all the artistry even of Pears, who sings the Evangelist, can at the moment of Peter's remorse make one forget that the vowel in "wept" is not the one Bach heard when he wrote his tortured coloratura over "*weinete.*"

What of the much-vaunted immediacy of communication from hearing the Passion recounted in one's own language? It all depends. When I heard the records with the English libretto the company supplies, I could follow everything all right, but when I used a German score or just listened, I could no longer understand most of the words in the choruses. The arias work better, though perhaps one cares rather less. In the all-important narrative recitatives, Pears does very well at making them convincing, though he too is defeated by the awkwardness of sentences whose component parts refuse to occur in the natural order of eloquent English. That the other singers sometimes declaim too stiffly is probably not the translation's fault: Germans often do no better in their own tongue.

It amounts to this: Bach's "St. John Passion" is a unique view of a particular religious experience, and when we concern ourselves with this work, it is its uniqueness to which we must attend, to those things that distinguish it from Schütz's "St. John Passion," Bach's own "St. Matthew Passion," or Stainer's "Crucifixion." Those who want a purely religious experience, rather than the particular religious-esthetic one of this music, will perhaps not mind having Bach sacrificed to their desire. For the rest of us, Arthur Mendel has recently written: "If we want to sing Bach's work, we must make some compromises, leaning now in one direction, now in another—and, as far as I am concerned, hating almost every minute of it."

In most ways, the music is excellently played and sung. Certain details have come out better elsewhere, but I have not heard a performance in which the standard was set and remained so high over all. Pears is a great Evangelist, and among the other soloists, Elizabeth Harwood, soprano, and Helen Watts, alto, sing especially beautifully. The King's College Choir and the Philomusica of London are conducted by David Willcocks, who leads the work effectively.

If you cannot abide the idea of English words, stick with the serviceable Archive album. Otherwise, on musical grounds—bearing in mind that music can be separated from text only so far—London is at almost every point superior. The effect is, however, a little special, and with the church acoustics and the translation we have a twice-peculiar view of a work of very great beauty in a worthy performance.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column 2 should read: 10 (Hervey Allen, Allen Drury), 12 (Henry James, James T. Farrell), 25 (Elliot Paul, Paul Gauguin), 22 (Benjamin Franklin, Franklin P. Adams), 20 (James Joyce, Joyce Cary), 2 (Robert Sherwood, Sherwood Anderson), 13 (Matthew Arnold, Arnold Toynbee), 19 (Matthew Lewis, Lewis Carroll), 8 (Booker T. Washington, Washington Irving), 5 (Henry George, George Eliot), 24 (Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln Steffens), 7 (Charles Kingsley, Kingsley Amis), 9 (John Evelyn, Evelyn Waugh), 21 (Philip Sidney, Sidney Lanier), 16 (D. H. Lawrence, Lawrence Durrell), 4 (Arnold Bennett, Bennett Cerf), (Joseph Conrad, Conrad Aiken), 14 (John Erskine, Erskine Caldwell), 23 (Walter Scott, Scott Corbett), 17 (Brandon Thomas, Thomas Wolfe), 15 (Harry S. Truman, Truman Capote), 3 (Anne Frank, Frank Norris), 18 (Sidney Howard, Howard Fast), 11 (E. A. Robinson, Robinson Jeffers), 6 (Lew Wallace, Wallace Stevens).

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

THE GOLDBERG TEXT

With reference to Irving Kolodin's article on the Metropolitan [*SR*, Jan. 27], I would appreciate your letting me know how I may obtain a copy of the complete text of Secretary Goldberg's decision in the Metropolitan Opera dispute.

Werner Strupp.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: *Reader Strupp and others who made similar inquiries are referred to the Information Officer, Department of Labor, Washington, D.C.*

NICKS AND TICKS

Here is another reader in agreement with the complaints that have appeared in your letters department in recent months concerning noisy record surfaces. The sad thing is that in too many cases the defects are not from visible, external causes (such as scratches, nicks, blisters, corrosive fingerprints, or even that often-difficult-to-detect permanent "grit"), but are from faulty processing that produces the same clicking, crunching, etc., in copy after copy. This is most disheartening and annoying to a purchaser who carefully inspects record surfaces in advance, but ends up, anyway, a victim of intrusive noises. One has to expect a few little ticks or pops here and there, perfection being very difficult to achieve, but sustained extraneous noises pressed right into the grooves certainly call for better production methods and/or quality control.

Arnold Finklin.

Chicago, Ill.

"PINCH EFFECT"

I have been following the continued controversy on record surfaces and quality control with a great deal of interest.

The last letter in the January 27 issue by David J. Hatmaker points up still another facet of this problem. Mr. Hatmaker's major complaint is skipped grooves, and most other complaints concern themselves with noisy surfaces. Skipped grooves are very rarely the fault of the record manufacturer. It is generally caused by the inability of a stiff tone arm or a noncompliant cartridge to trace the groove modulations of a record. This is especially so on loud transients where the "pinch effect" occurs —the needle being actually lifted out of the groove. Only a highly compliant stylus assembly and balanced tone arm can trace these extreme groove excursions. The other thing that will cause groove skipping is a worn or faulty stylus. Other factors are improperly leveled turntables and insufficient tone arm pressure.

Record imperfections and surface noise are emphasized by cartridges that have peaks in the upper frequencies. However, records rapidly deteriorate if played with a worn needle or when played with dirty or dusty surfaces. Soft vinyl materials are easily abraded by the action of the stylus plowing through dust- or dirt-filled grooves. Records can be kept in mint condition by (a) keeping them clean; (b) playing them with an unworn needle; (c) playing them with compliant cartridge and stylus and balanced tone arm.

Herbert A. Bodkin,
Walco Electronics Co.

East Orange, N. J.

ONE MORE FOR TELEMANN

Referring to Richard Freed's article "Renaissance in Telemann" [*SR*, Jan. 27], I was pleased that my recording for Kapp ("Music for French Horn and Orchestra") was among those selected for his informative discussion. The same disc contains a concerto ascribed to "Steinmetz"; however, further investigation has disclosed that this work is also by Telemann. It is the earliest known concerto for solo horn, as it undoubtedly antedates the earliest of the Haydn concerti (though this is a purely musical conjecture which cannot as yet be confirmed by other evidence). My apologies to all for the erroneous ascription of the solo concerto.

Richard Dunn.

Berkeley, Calif.

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Common Sense and the U.N.

Continued from page 20

Poland. And as to World War III, Under Secretary Ball and many other responsible people have stated that the Congo crisis could easily have precipitated all-out nuclear war.

Propriety of the Congo Operation

A COMMON QUESTION raised about the propriety of the Congo action is whether it was not an interference with the internal affairs of the Congo. The first answer is that the Congo itself invited the United Nations, with the concurrence of all elements including those which later attempted to secede. The second answer is that the danger was not purely internal, because it involved Belgians, Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and some of the Congo's close neighbors. At the very outset, Belgian army units were in action, and the Congo government called for the United States' military help. The Soviet Union then moved in with personnel, 100 trucks, and ten planes that were placed at Lumumba's disposal. Belgian, French, English, and other interests were deeply involved because of the tremendous financial stake they had in a successful Katanga secession.

The official justification for the U.N. action has been stated to be both the invitation and "a threat to peace and security," in a statement by the Secretary-General explicitly approved as authoritative.

It has been charged that the Katanga action violates the principle of self-determination. This cannot be supported by the record. The right of self-determination was exercised by all the people of the Congo, including the people of Katanga, when the political parties of the Congo, including the Conakat party of Tshombe, agreed in February, 1960, that "the Congo within its actual frontier shall constitute an independent state, the inhabitants of which . . . possess one and the same nationality." There is no evidence that the majority of the people of Katanga Province favor secession. The major opposition, the Balubakat Cartel, which opposes secession, with its allies got 134,916 votes in the 1960 Katanga provincial election against 91,116 for the Conakat and allies.

From time to time there have been accusations that the United Nations seems to be interested in taking action in the Congo only against so-called right-wing and anti-Communist forces and not against so-called left-wing pro-Communist forces. It is difficult to see how this charge can be seriously continued in view of the recent events involving Gizenga. The U.N. force has attempted to perform its assigned job of preventing civil strife from any direction. In 1960, there was a threat from left-wing Lumumba supporters; the U.N. forces supported the government against these left-wing forces. In 1961 there was a threat to the government from European-supported "right-wing" forces in Katanga; the U.N. supported the government against the "right-wing" forces. In 1962, there was a threat to the government again from "left-wing" forces of Lumumba's successor, Gizenga; United Nations once more supported the government against this "left-wing" threat.

The record does not support any simple characterization of various forces in the Congo as pro-Communist or anti-Communist. The supposedly pro-Communist Lumumba made his first appeal for outside aid to the United States. The supposedly anti-Communist Tshombe's Interior Minister, Munongo, in July, 1961, announced the sending of a mission to seek Soviet aid for Katanga. The central government expelled all Soviet diplomats and personnel on twenty-four-hour notice in September 1960. When Communist diplomatic missions attempted to move back to Leopoldville in September, 1961, Premier Adoula announced that diplomatic relations did not exist with those countries maintaining missions at Stanleyville. With the removal of the Gizenga threat, more normal diplomatic relations seem to have been resumed in Leopoldville.

The Congo problem is far from over, but if the present promising trend continues, the U.N. achievement in the Congo may prove to have strengthened the U.N. more than any episode in its experience, and indeed may go down in history as the greatest collective international effort of our times.

Is There an Alternative?

SENATOR FULBRIGHT, a good friend of the United Nations, has said that, while continuing to support the U.N., the United States should shift its main foreign policy reliance from the United Nations to a "concert of free nations." The trouble with this suggestion is that the two courses are not alternatives.

A policy of strengthening ties with like-minded friends accepts as a given quantity the necessity of waging the cold war, and attempts to improve the United States' chances of winning that "war." A policy of strengthening the United Nations accepts as a given quantity the necessity of preventing war, and attempts to improve the chances that there will be no war at all.

If two nations are on a collision course, the first policy would help ensure that, in the collision, one's own nation smashed into the other harder than it was itself smashed into; the second policy would help ensure that the collision did not take place.

A theoretical alternative would be another world organization. President Kennedy has said that if the United Nations did not exist we would have to invent it. It might be invented, but in today's Cold War world it would not be adopted. The United Nations was created during the one brief interlude in recent history when the creation of a world organization was possible. The "alternative" to the U.N., then, is a world with no general world organization designed to prevent war, which means the pre-World War I condition of raw power politics backed by largely unregulated force.

For this reason, when the successes and failures of the U.N.'s record are added up, the score must be compared—not with the record of some hypothetical perfect organization—but with the score that would have been made in a world with no such organization. If the U.N. succeeds in the Congo and fails in Goa, the proper arithmetic is plus 10 for the Congo and 0 (not minus 10) for Goa—with a net gain as a result. What happened in Goa would have happened in a world without an organization; what was achieved in the Congo could not have happened in such a world.

For completeness, it must be added that there is no alternative to the U.N. as a provider of a vast complex of international services through its specialized agencies.

Finally, there is no alternative to the U.N. as a potential framework around which a more effective world organization may gradually be built. Of course there are flaws in the organization. But its history shows that it has a resilient ability to evolve to meet the needs of the times. The growth of the Secretary-General's position to that of an operating executive with substantial power, the enlargement of the General Assembly's action capability offsetting the weakening of the Security Council by veto, the development of effective armed forces by both the General Assembly and the Security Council action—all show a potential for future evolution, even without Charter revision, in a direction that can constantly increase the organization's ability "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war."

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UNESCO

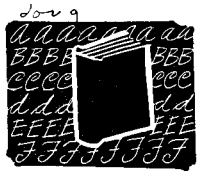
Continued from page 22

agency is one in which many sensitive, nationalistic peoples have a share. They pay dues, however modest. They send delegates who have a chance to express their views. Some think that accepting help or largesse directly from the United States revives memories of colonialism.

All this the government of the United States promptly recognized, and Christian Herter as Secretary of State accorded UNESCO far greater respect than it had previously enjoyed. Successful efforts were made to secure amply qualified Americans for service in the Secretariat. We not only considerably increased our contributions to the organization's budget but urged friendly governments to do likewise. The United States actively participated in the great conferences, notably those held in Karachi during 1959 and in Addis Ababa during 1961, called to consider the educational needs of the newly emerging peoples and to plan ways of meeting those needs. The educational program for the world's future began to assume proportions nothing less than titanic. Startlingly new was the fact that planning was not any longer merely advice given by an outsider, but a matter of effective cooperation with the nations concerned. Meanwhile the curious critic did not disappear, as witness some to-do about a proposed convention to desist from discrimination in education. Such a convention, the language of which might have been written by the Supreme Court of the United States, would prevent citizens of signatory nations from being victims of discrimination if they went to live under the jurisdiction of another signatory power. Washington had no intention of becoming a party to it. And yet the sinister hand of "international control" of our schools and youth was somehow discerned. The Department of State has, however, under the active leadership of Secretary Rusk, taken steps to improve its relations with UNESCO and to support its activities in a more effective way.

Therewith UNESCO became something mankind has never before seen, namely an international educational counseling agency, whose opportunities are all but breathtaking. How well is it prepared to assume that responsibility? The candid answer is that it seems by a series of miracles to triumph over its limitations. The organization has had little luck with its Directors-General. Only one, Luther Evans, served out a full term, and he was beleaguered on all sides. Today three top-ranking officers come close to being first-rate. Departmental leadership has been and is uneven in quality; and until very recently the direction of the critical area of education was woefully inadequate. Present developments were not foreseen. Haste and waste were sometimes boon companions. On the other hand, excellent men and women were recruited for the natural sciences and the arts, and for a time at least the direction of the work in the social sciences and in cultural affairs was in competent hands. On the whole the staff of UNESCO admittedly lacks the luster which Harvard or Oxford can command. But it compares not too unfavorably with most European Ministries of Education and with our own Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The overall organizational structure is bafflingly complex. The supreme legislative body is the General Conference, which brings together biennially delegations from all the member states. An agonizing amount of the time at its disposal is used for considering political issues raised by the Russians and their



satellites, and much more is consumed listening to orations that are usually of unparalleled vapidity. Enough hours are left, however, for the presentation of an endless number of special pleas. It is much like what would happen in New York if a "town meeting," assembled from all the wards of the city, were to pass judgment on the program of the Board of Education. Nevertheless there is much that is beguiling and indeed heart-warming about a General Conference, which makes it possible for representatives from all nations, races, and creeds to comingle and not infrequently form lasting friendships.

THE General Conference is, however, not the only control with which a harassed Director-General must reckon. There is an Executive Board on which sit representatives of governments designated by the General Conference. This body has powers and privileges relatively like those of a university board of trustees, except that the influence of any member is quite likely to be in large measure determined by the policy and status of his country. Nevertheless, as in all diplomacy, there is room for individual initiative, so that in general the quality of the board members has tended to improve. The heavy burden of such supervision might be relatively easy to bear if the Secretariat could rely on an International Civil Service having status and self-confidence. It cannot. The principle of geographical distribution, which gives member states a right to appointments on the UNESCO staff in accordance with the size of their contributions, must be reckoned with. A variety of consequences ensue, one of which is a salary scale based on a world median of reimbursements. While this has made it nearly impossible to recruit Americans of quality, save for the highest administrative positions, it is very appealing to citizens of hungrier countries. The Russian drive is concentrated on ousting or not replacing European veterans in the service, in order to secure the largest possible number of Soviet appointments. Since these are simply assigned from a personnel reservoir in Moscow, the implications are clear. Yet in a sense the Russian effort coincides with the desires of new nations anxious to find a place in this sun, so that formation of a permanent Civil Service has virtually been stalled. While the original cadres were hastily formed in the Forties and sometimes included obvious misfits, the Director-General had at least some free hand in considering personal qualifications apart from geography. Today it requires a good deal of dogged persistence to get the needed abilities and skills. When one adds that the staff is rapidly increasing in number and that decentralization is unavoidable owing to the world-wide character of the enterprise, it requires no special talent to see that the personnel problems are grave enough to keep the management awake nights.

From the point of view of the United States, UNESCO is certainly not the stoutest of reeds, but it can be stiffened and strengthened. Unfortunately, all the specialized agencies of the U.N. live, in so far as most of us are concerned, in a kind of public opinion limbo. The spotlight is not often focused on them, nor with all the good will in the world can a Secretary of State often turn aside from concern for Laos or armament control to consider the development of education in Ceylon or Tanganyika. Badly needed, therefore, are closer associations between UNESCO and the universities and foundations of the United States. Fortunately, genuine progress can be reported. A word of caution is, however, in order. We cannot expect any international organization always to do what we want. Nor can we hope that citizens hostile to the U.N. and all its works will suddenly become reasonable about UNESCO. The most one can prayerfully anticipate is that in so troubled a world some measure of common sense will prevail.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First name of 19th cent. German composer.	121 110 25 97 157 23 33 108
B. A German dear to God.	88 15 104 105 170 147 55 34
C. How Sophocles characterized the "messenger who brings bad news", as Edmund Gosse "the Future."	92 84 139 186 153 128 53 44 144
D. Pleasantly full of flavor.	182 103 120 146 47
E. A Greek dear to God.	70 52 151 19 169 135 89 14 35 27
F. Accustomed.	106 12 185 56 158 111 129 54
G. Town in N.Y. State made famous by Elbert Hubbard, as its "Sage" (2 wds.).	26 2 176 165 142 66 150 22 95 50
H. Acronymic palindrome naming a valuable scientific development in World War II.	187 45 77 127 179
I. Experiencing a state of violent dread (2 wds.).	116 87 94 173 64 178 20 159
J. Copper unit of Byzantine coinage.	118 181 11 81 100 73
K. Low cloud form of great horizontal extension.	117 36 114 31 4 83 61
L. Venetian priest in Howells' "Foregone Conclusion."	164 58 102 155 98 9 113 138
M. Hadn't sufficient courage to (2 wds.).	163 177 59 49 124 112 74 141

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A *standard work of* English lit.; first began appearing in *London Magazine* 135 years ago (3 wds.).	1 140 134 78 115 39 132 126 63 75 86 161
O. Persons accompanying others for courtesy or for safety.	6 3 154 167 21 24 67
P. Reproaches.	122 62 5 133 125 145 137 184
Q. Following "The", richest goldfields in the world.	43 152 10 80
R. See Word U (3 wds.).	16 30 38 90 42 175 131
S. See Word X.	18 65 69 46 101 123
T. Great land area from the Atlantic eastward to the Pacific.	171 156 29 72 57 76 136
U. Followed by Word R, Biblical simile for the great speed with which the "last trump" will get results.	40 68 189 79 17 8 96 162 41
V. Beyond the scope of plain understanding.	82 109 166 28 188 143
W. Cutting in two, not necessarily halving.	91 107 32 71 60 85 180 168 13
X. Followed by Word S, assuming a warlike attitude (2 wds.).	149 172 93 51 119 7 130 148
Y. Thirteenth-cent. Empress of Eastern Empire, who was sister to one of the first Emperors, wife of the third, mother of the fourth.	160 99 174 48 190 183 37

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 N	2 G	3 O	4 K		5 P	6 O	7 X	8 U	9 L	10 Q		11 J	12 F
13 W		14 E	15 B	16 R	17 U		18 S	19 E	20 I	21 O		22 G	23 A		24 O	25 A
26 G		27 E	28 V	29 T	30 R	31 K	32 W	33 A		34 B	35 E	36 K		37 Y	38 R	39 N
40 U		41 U	42 R	43 Q	44 C	45 H	46 S	47 D		48 Y	49 M		50 G		51 X	52 E
53 C	54 F	55 B		56 F	57 T		58 L	59 M	60 W	61 K	62 P	63 N	64 I	65 S	66 G	67 O
	68 U	69 S	70 E	71 W		72 T		73 J	74 M	75 N	76 T	77 H		78 N	79 U	80 Q
	81 J	82 V	83 K	84 C	85 W	86 N	87 I	88 B		89 E	90 R	91 W	92 C	93 X	94 I	95 G
96 U	97 A	98 L		99 Y	100 J	101 S	102 L	103 D	104 B		105 B	106 F	107 W	108 A		109 V
110 A	111 F	112 M	113 L	114 K	115 N		116 I	117 K		118 J	119 X	120 D		121 A	122 P	123 S
124 M		125 P		126 N	127 H	128 C	129 F	130 X	131 R		132 N	133 P		134 N	135 E	136 T
137 P	138 L	139 C		140 N	141 M	142 G	143 V	144 C		145 P	146 D		147 B	148 X		149 X
	150 G	151 E	152 Q	153 C		154 O	155 L	156 T	157 A	158 F	159 I	160 Y		161 N	162 U	163 M
	164 L	165 G		166 V	167 O	168 W	169 E	170 B	171 T	172 X	173 I	174 Y	175 R		176 G	177 M
178 I	179 H	180 W	181 J	182 D	183 Y	184 P		185 F	186 C	187 H	188 V	189 U	190 Y			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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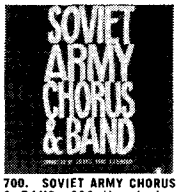

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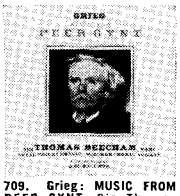

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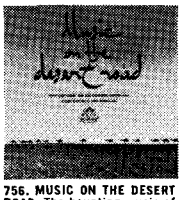

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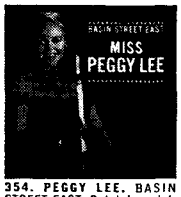

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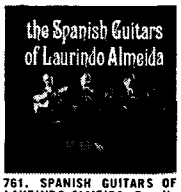

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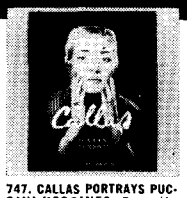

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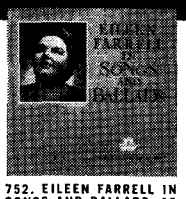

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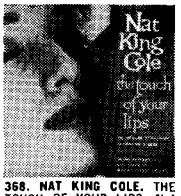

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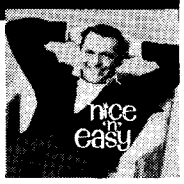

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